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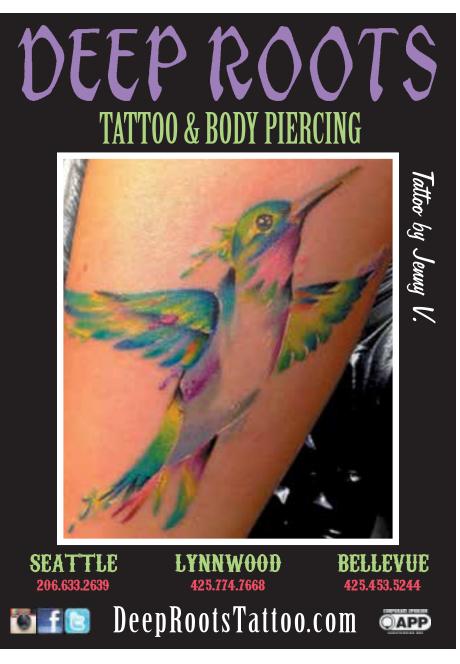


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Volume 24, Issue Number 31 April 1-7, 2015

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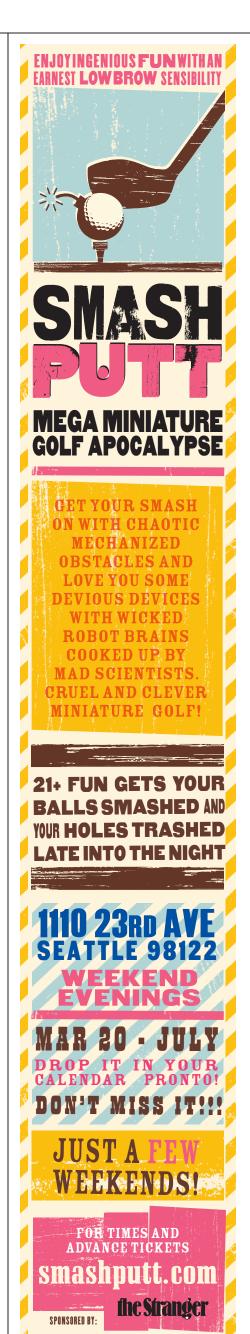
COVER ART

Stateside restaurant, by **IENNIFER RICHARD** (jenniferrichardphotography.com) See more in The Sauce, inside this issue.

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MONDAY, MARCH 23 This week of Indiana idiocy, suicidal pilots, and the international emancipation of Amanda Knox kicked off in the state of Virginia, where today Texas senator and Tea Party action figure Ted Cruz stood before a captive audience at Liberty University (where students faced \$10 fines if they failed to attend) to announce his bid for the US presidency. "Cruz is the first Republican out of the starting gate, campaigning as a hard-core conservative and champion of the ${\it Christian\ right," reported\ Seattle PI.com.\ "The}$



TED ON ARRIVAL

Texas Republican is a hero to the Tea Party but has made himself unpopular in the Senate, decrying GOP colleagues as sellouts and boldly flirting with carrying the repeal of health care reform to the extreme of

shutting down the federal government." Repelling the left with his stances against net neutrality, marriage equality, and the existence of science while repelling the right with his habit of denigrating Republican war heroes and capriciously shutting down the government, Ted Cruz has no chance in hell of becoming president. So let's focus instead on what will be his lasting contribution to American culture: his big, weird head. Containing the brain responsible for such gems of comprehension as "Net neutrality is Obamacare for the internet." the head of Ted Cruz is dominated by his face, a thoroughly unnerving conglomera-

I, ANONYMOUS

To submit an unsigned confession or accusation, and an e-mail to ianonymous@thestranger.com. Please ember to change the names of the innocent and guilty



OKAY, I WILL CALL THE COPS AFTER ALL

I wrote the I, Anonymous column "No, I Won't Call the Cops for You" two weeks ago, about my neighbor and the "mentally ill homeless kid" and the repeated assaults. I'm writing again to say thanks to the commenters. I know this column is mostly a form of trashy entertainment, but in this case you helped me do some serious thinking. The whole thing repeated again last night. This time, though, I called the cops without waiting to be asked. And this time it turns out there was an existing warrant for the guy's arrest, so he left in handcuffs. (The "kid" is 28, by the way, with a prison record.) Afterward, I staved with my neighbor a while and let him talk. He was physically unharmed but in tears. He told me I saved his life. I'm not sure if his life was truly in danger, but the lesson I learned is that it's not my judgment to make. Really, really not.

—Anonymous

tion of puffy shine, waxy droop, and general WTF?-ery, which adds up to Cruz being the rare three-dimensional human who resides in the Uncanny Valley of CGI. For the final word on this lightly inappropriate topic, we turn to Twitter prophet Louis Virtel: "Let's give Ted Cruz credit for one thing: being easy to picture in clown makeup holding a deflated balloon."

TUESDAY, MARCH 24 In worse news, the week continued in the French Alps, where today Andreas Lubitz, a 27-year-old pilot who had a history of depression, is believed to have locked his copilot out of the cockpit of the Germanwings passenger plane the two had been flying and crashed the plane into a mountain. All 144 passengers and six crew members (including Lubitz) were killed, and a billion nervous fliers got a concrete new scenario to fear. (Helpful fact: In response to today's tragedy, numerous countries will implement new regulations requiring two authorized personnel $remain \ in \ the \ cockpit \ at \ all \ times.)$

• • Meanwhile in Seattle, a semitruck loaded with salmon overturned on Highway 99 just south of the Alaskan Way Viaduct, para-



SALMON DIEU!

lyzing traffic and making mincemeat of notions of how long it takes to get from one place to another because it took authorities nine fucking hours to rectify the situation. No one died.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25 The week continued in Arizona, where a voga instructor stands accused of illicitly turning a young man's bar mitzvah into a day to remember and perhaps process with a therapist. Details come from Reuters, which identified the yoga instructor as 32-year-old Lindsey Radomski, who last weekend attended a bar mitzvah in Scottsdale, where she allegedly let seven young boys between the ages of 11 and 15 fondle her new fake breasts before giving a 15-year-old a blowjob. Yesterday, Radomski was arrested on suspicion of sexual conduct with a minor, sexual abuse, and indecent exposure, "[Sergeant Ben Hoster] said Radomski had admitted to detectives that she exposed her breasts, but he said she told them that she did not remember any other encounters 'due to her intoxicated state," reported Reuters.

THURSDAY, MARCH 26 Speaking of dangerous idiots, the week continued in ${\bf In}\text{-}$ diana, where today Governor Mike Pence signed Indiana Senate Bill 101 into law and instantly transformed his state into the despised laughingstock of the nation. Titled the "Religious Freedom Restoration Act." SB $101\ \mathrm{aims}$ to protect the rights of citizens to following low their religious beliefs, and is believed to be a tool to keep antigay Christians from having to "support" same-sex marriage. (Among the attendees at today's closed-door signing were representatives from the American Family Association, the "Christian" organization with such virulently antigay views, it's been designated a hate group by the Southern Poverty Law Center.) Still, Indiana's law is so broadly written, it seemingly enables discrimination against anyone who runs afoul of one's "religious beliefs," from gays and divorcées to connsored Content Sponsored Content Sponsored Content Sponsored Content Sponsored Content Sponsored Content



You've Gotta **Be Shitting** Me. SIRLOIN **BURGER Is Your Favorite** Chunky Soup?

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ou have said some outrageous shit in your life, but this is a new low. You're honestly going to sit there and tell me that of all the Chunky Soups, your actual favorite one is Sirloin Burger?

Fucking Sirloin Burger? Seriously? Come on!

We've had the conversation about the so-called "classic" Chicken Noodle. I'll grant you that. But the fact that you're straight up ignoring Hearty Italian-Style Wedding with Meatballs & Spinach, to say nothing of Jam-

You're really comfortable sending your ships to war for Sirloin Burger? Sirloin Burger. Jesus Christ.

min' Jerk Chicken with Rice & Beans or Jazzy Jambalaya with Chicken, Sausage, and Ham—how am I not supposed to take it personally? I guess it shouldn't surprise me, since you're the same person who said low gas prices were part of a secret agreement between OPEC and President Obama to guarantee a weak Republican field in 2016, and that ISIS is just the same 10 CIA black baggers who invented Osama bin Laden. Well, not to let the facts get in the way of a good story, but I happen to know that you haven't even tried Beer-n-Cheese with Beef & Bacon OR Chipotle Chicken & Corn Chowder. You're really comfortable sending your ships to war for Sirloin Burger? Sirloin Burger. Jesus Christ.

What the fuck happened to you?

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HOOSIER HORROR

sumers of pork and Scientologically identified "suppressive persons." Hearteningly, Governor Pence's signing of the law was blasted by sane people the world over, from the CEO of the recommendation site Angie's List (who halted his company's planned expansion in

the state) to Seattle mayor Ed Murray, who announced a civic boycott of Indiana, banning all city-funded travel to the state by city employees.

FRIDAY, MARCH 27 In better news, the week continued in Rome, where today Italy's supreme court overturned the murder conviction of Seattle's Amanda Knox, ending a sordid saga that saw the death of 21-year-old Meredith Kercher and required Knox to spend four years in Italian prisons before gaining her freedom on appeal and today being fully exonerated. Congratulations, Amanda Knox. Hope you had a good weekend.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28 In worse news, the week continued in Seattle, where the early morning brought another awful attack on Capitol Hill. The scene: Pike and Boylston, where just after 2 a.m. a man attempted to defend his female friends from aggravated street harassment and wound up in the Harborview ICU. "There was five to eight guys

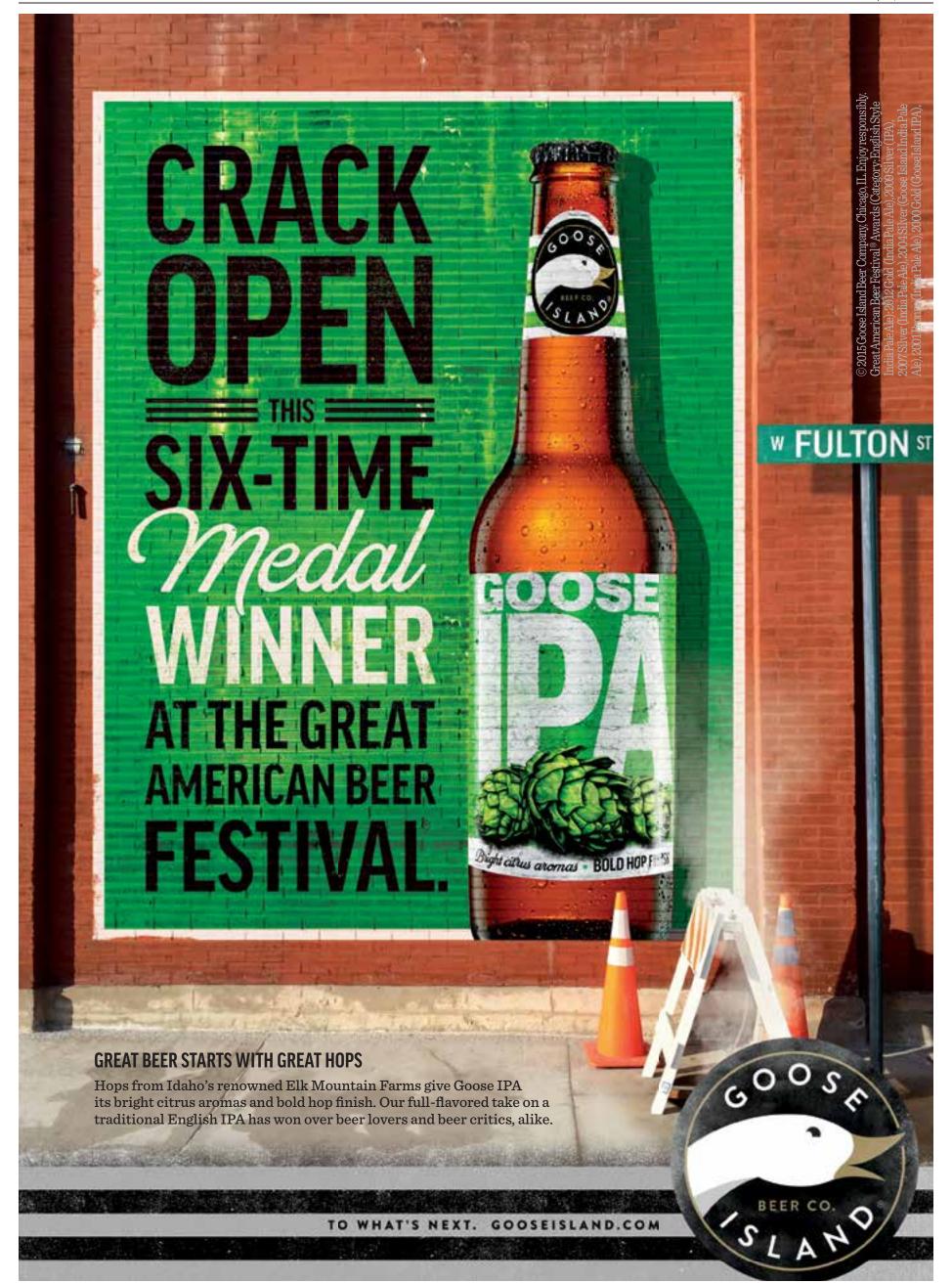
that were aggressively coming after the girls that I was with, trying to touch and feel them," the victim told KIRO. "All I remember is one punch to the face, and after that I basically lost consciousness." After being treated for brain hemorrhage, the man was released from Harborview, while the search for the perpetrators continues. And, oh yeah: "According to Seattle police reports, in the last week there have been eight other reports of assault within two blocks of Pike and Boylston—where this attack happened," reported KIRO.

SUNDAY, MARCH 29 Nothing happened today, unless you count the HBO broadcast of Going Clear: Scientology and the Prison of Belief. Alex Gibney's documentary cataloging the insanity and vast abuses of the Church of Scientology. Chief among the film's allegations: John Travolta would flee the church if he could, but he is being "held hostage" by the file of deeply personal information the church is ready to release on him should he ever try. Dear John Travolta: As a representative for all humanity, Last Days promises you that the people of earth will ignore countless weird personal flaws of a man willing to stand up against a church known for abusing and exploiting its members. Do it, and we will love vou.

 $Send\ hot\ tips\ to\ last days@the stranger.com$ $and \, follow \, me \, on \, Twitter \, @david schmader.$

General WTF?-ery at

THESTRANGER.COM/SLOG





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Fed Up with Traffic? Want More Light Rail? Now Is the Time to Get Mad at Olympia

A Huge Transportation Bill Is Making Its Way Through the State Capital Right Now—and Our Ability to Get Light Rail to Ballard and West Seattle Hangs in the Balance

BY ANSEL HERZ

n March 24, Seattle suffered through another tragicomic evening of traffic gridlock when a semitruck full of frozen salmon overturned on Highway 99. Hashtag #TraffishJam, as

traffic #clusterfishfuck.

People were stuck and, having not moved for hours, abandoned their cars in the street, some opting for bicycle share. A Sounders goalkeeper reportedly took off sprinting on foot to make it in time for kickoff at Century-Link Field. At least one local transit official was seen bailing from a bus and walking. The mess lasted for hours, as officials worked to clear the truck off the highway.

Now imagine a light rail network connecting Ballard, West Seattle, Everett, Bellevue, and Tacoma to the heart of Seattle. Imagine going underground and getting on a train to any of those places. Imagine how many fewer cars would have been on the streets downtown during the #TraffishJam.

The average Puget Sound resident spends almost one full workweek per year stuck in traffic.

If we had a fully built light rail network, we would be living in a faster, less congested, more connected city.

Seattle is the fastest-growing large city in the country, and our transportation system cannot cope with this surge in population. There will be many more (and much worse) dreadful traffic clusterfucks.

But right now, the fate of light rail is in Olympia's hands. Everything depends on what happens down at the state capital over the course of the next month. If you've been nursing a sense of burning rage about all the traffic, you need to fire that rage toward your elected leaders.

ow do we get more light rail? By funding a plan known as Sound Transit 3. Sound Transit, the agency that operates the successful Link train that connects Seattle to Sea-Tac Airport, says it needs \$15 billion to complete Sound Transit 3. It wants to put a taxation measure—likely to be some combination of property, motor vehicle excise, and sales taxes—on regional ballots in 2016 to raise up to \$15 billion in order to make it a reality.

"There is tremendous public demand," said Sound Transit spokesperson Geoff Patrick, "for expanding the regional light rail system to reach destinations including Ballard, West Seattle, Everett, Tacoma, and Redmond. There is no way a package could do all of these things with anything less than full authority for \$15 billion in new revenue."

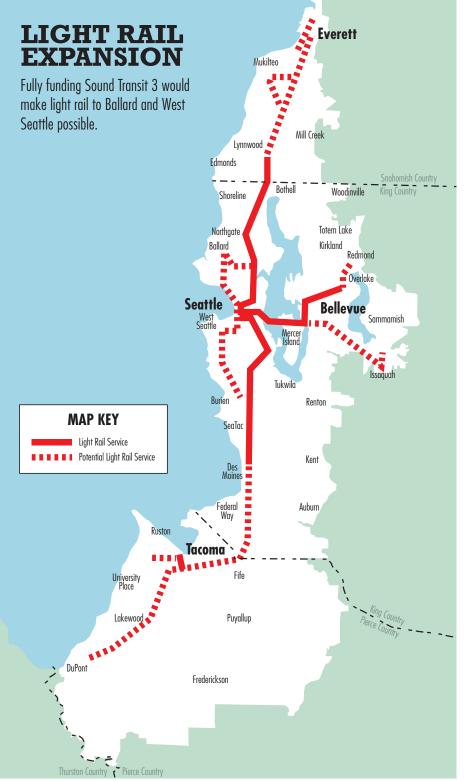
But state legislators aren't necessarily going to let Sound Transit do that. On March 2,

blogger Tom Fucoloro called it. Alternatively: when the Republican-controlled state senate approved a statewide transportation package for the ballot, it approved only \$11 billion in taxing authority for the Puget Sound region.

That is, the state *limited our ability to tax* ourselves to just \$11 billion—\$4 billion short of what we need. (The state refuses to fund regional light rail from its own budget.)

Senator David Frockt (D-Kenmore) offered an amendment to give Sound Transit \$15 billion in taxing authority.

Senate Republicans voted it down.



Mind-blowingly, even the Republican senators who represent areas that would benefit from regional light rail voted against it. Those senators are Joe Fain (Auburn and Kent), Mark Miloscia (Federal Way), and Andy Hill (Redmond). Fain is one of two lead negotiators on the Republican side on transit.

Don't Republicans hate big government and want local control over local affairs? Don't they want their own constituents to be able to vote for or against taxing themselves to fund light rail connecting them to Seattle and their neighbors around the region? If they decided to stand up for their own constituents (and the region), the senate could have the prolight-rail bloc it needs.

I reached out to all three of these senators to ask why they voted against Frockt's amendment. None of them got back to me.

But Fain did write back to some concerned residents after I urged readers of Slog, The Stranger's blog, to pressure the senators. And this, at least, is promising: Fain said to several people who e-mailed him that he would keep an "open mind" on a higher level of taxing authority for Sound Transit 3 if it passes out of the state house. (If you haven't written to Fain, Miloscia, and Hill yet, do it right now: joe.fain@leg.wa.gov, mark.miloscia@leg.wa.gov, andy.hill@leg.wa.gov.)

Republicans also added a so-called "poison pill" to the bill that came out of the senate that says if Governor Jay Inslee implements cleaner fuel standards through executive order, a key plank of his climate change agenda, the package's investments in things like light rail, bike paths, and buses will get automatically diverted into road projects instead. (They also added a bunch of other terrible road projects and environmental rollbacks that I don't have the space

Now it's up to the state house of representatives, said Transportation Choices policy director Andrew Austin, to set a "high-water mark" on transit, before the transportation package goes back to the senate, by doing two key things: Give Sound Transit the full \$15 billion in taxing authority and strip out the "poison pill" on fuel standards. In other words: Don't be afraid to challenge the Republicans and make them, not progressives, be the ones who have to back down this time.

A group of local elected leaders traveled to Olympia on March 26 and gave the Democrats all the ammunition they should need, in testimony to the house transportation committee: "Give us \$15 billion of authority," said Tacoma mayor Marilyn Strickland. "This is something that our region needs desperately. [Voters] have told us unequivocally that they need transit."

"If one accident happens," said Seattle mayor Ed Murray, "as it did with a truck full of salmon, the entire system clogs up... The only way we can function as a city and as a region is with the full \$15 billion authority."

The mayors of Bellevue, Redmond, Edmonds, Kent, Kenmore, and Redmond, and officials from King and Snohomish Counties all spoke up in favor of a robust transportation package, some of them specifically calling for \$15 billion in taxing authority.

Unless I missed it, nobody, in three solid hours of continuous testimony, argued that Sound Transit's authority should be limited to \$11 billion instead of \$15 billion.

Maybe that's because there is no credible argument for the limit.

If the house doesn't set that high-water mark, ready your pitchforks. What could be more undemocratic than our legislators ignoring the overwhelming consensus of an entire region and denying us the ability to tax ourselves for an essential civic good like light rail? One the state itself refuses to fund? That's a good question to ponder next time you're stuck sitting in traffic. ■

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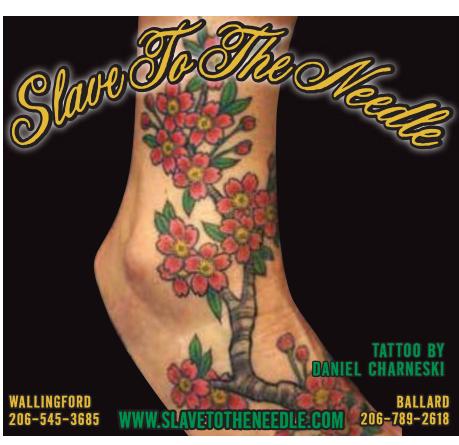
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 $\textbf{PROTESTS} \ Local \ labor \ and \ environmental \ groups \ helped \ pack \ a \ March \ 30 \ city \ council$ meeting that addressed the Trans-Pacific Partnership.

The Seattle City Council Just Stood Up to an International **Trade Agreement That's Shrouded in Secrecy**

What the Hell Is the Trans-Pacific Partnership Anyway?

BY SYDNEY BROWNSTONE

he first thing you should know about the Trans-Pacific Partnership is that we do not know what it is.

The Obama administration knows what it is, because it's negotiating the trade deal with 11 Asia-Pacific countries—a group that represents some 40 percent of the global GDP. Past that, what's inside the deal is largely a guessing game. Some members of Congress have said that they, too, have limited opportunities to digest the details of the deal and what it means.

But that didn't stop the Seattle City Council from unanimously passing a resolution on March 30 that expressed concern about the TPP and opposed the federal government's proposal to "fast-track" the deal through

> This kind of trade agreement provision has resulted in abusive practices in which corporations sue governments.

Congress, "Fast-track" is shorthand for the authority President Obama wants Congress to grant him so that the deal can be ushered through the legislative branch without amendments or filibustering—which critics say bypasses honest democratic process.

What does any of this have to do with Seattle?

Well, we know that the TPP has inspired loud protest from local labor and environmental groups. The March 30 council meeting was wall-to-wall packed—it also had homeless encampments on the agenda—and the unanimous decision about the TTP received a standing ovation. "Basically anyone who supports the rights of human beings and the environment is on one side of the debate." Council Member Kshama Sawant. who helped spearhead the discussion and the resolution within the city council, told the

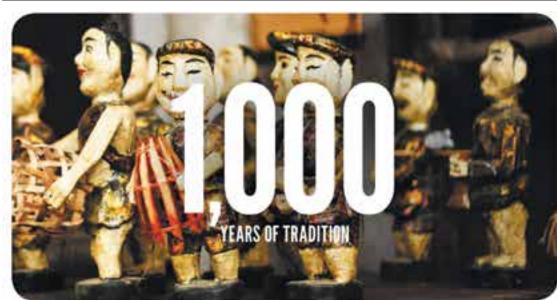
Labor groups worry that NAFTA-style free-trade agreements help outsource jobs, but not everyone agrees with that conclusion. What economists Joseph Stiglitz and Paul Krugman have pointed out, however, is that the TPP agreement probably wouldn't do much to help workers and would primarily benefit industries like big pharma. Stiglitz has also written in the New York Times that the deal would make corporations richer, but not necessarily help "those in the middle, let alone those at the bottom."

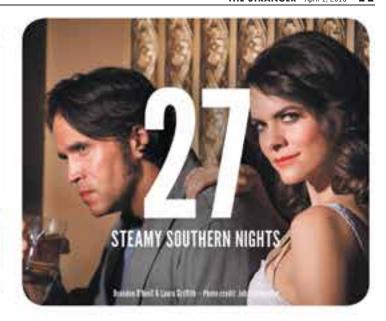
Leaked drafts of the trade agreement raise cause for concern. Most recently, WikiLeaks and the New York Times revealed a draft section of the deal that outlined how foreign companies could sue TPP governments in an international tribunal over practices that cut into their investments.

Marco Simons, legal director EarthRights International, told The Stranger that this kind of trade agreement provision—something called an investorstate dispute settlement—has resulted in abusive practices in which corporations sue governments over issues like anti-smoking measures and environmental regulations. More than that, he said, these kinds of provisions might even threaten to chill a local government's regulatory ambitions. For example, a city's desire to pass a \$15 minimum

"It would not be a surprise to me if a foreign multinational were to argue that a living wage law in Seattle was a denial of its rights as an investor, because it changed the conditions under which they invested, and resulted in a decrease in the value of their investment because they have to pay their employees more," Simons said. "It could make states and cities think twice about taking strong measures to protect the environment, or workers, or public health."

But then again, not everyone agrees that the TPP stands a chance of casting a chilling effect over US policies, let alone Seattle's. "I















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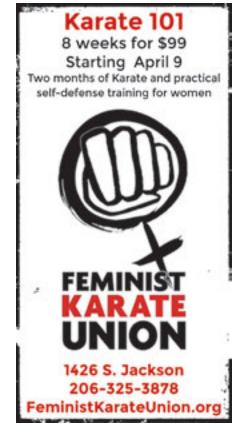
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would say it would be highly unlikely," said Scott Miller, senior adviser at the Center for Strategic and International Studies. Most of the time, governments get sued over discrimination arguments, and something like a \$15 minimum wage wouldn't qualify.

Simons maintained that the possibility to sue over a local labor policy would still exist. The wording from the leaked draft doesn't preclude it.

"It is possible, but I think it's very unlikely that [a corporation] would win," said Susan Ariel Aaronson, a research professor specializing in international trade agreements at George Washington University. Aaronson added that she was no fan of the investor-state dispute settlement provision, but imagined that it could very well be carved out of the agreement for the US.

Before the vote, the Seattle Times editorial board seized on much of the debate's unknowns to argue that the Seattle City Council shouldn't wade in. Council Member Mike O'Brien, however, said that even though the TPP doesn't "exist in any form we can meaningfully debate," it underlined the deal's lack of transparency, as well as the need to have trade agreements that support strong environmental and labor policies. And Nick Licata said that the vote would send a message to Washington, DC, about the concern Seattleites have about not being able to control their environment and protect workers through a domestic democratic process.

A PARTY IN THE STREETS ABOUT MINI-MUM WAGE The celebratory tone was no accident. Minimum wage activists wore party hats and carried balloons as they marched around Capitol Hill on March 28 chanting

"Hip hip hooray! Seattle's getting a

raise!" As the group stopped in front of fast-food restaurants including many of those where workers walked off the job in protest in 2013 and 2014—a small group including Seattle City Council member Kshama Sawant would go inside and tell employees about the minimum wage increase. Reactions ranged from the Subway employee who retreated to the back of the store until they left to the Chipo-

celebrate the minimum-wage increase. tle workers so excited about their wage increase they posed for a photo with Sawant. State senator Pramila Jayapal joined the march briefly to call on activists to support a statewide minimum wage increase to \$12 that's currently facing opposition in the state senate. Seattle's historic new minimum wage law, which takes effect on April 1, will get all workers in the city to \$15 an hour by 2021, depending on the size of their employer. By 2025, there will no longer be a discrepancy between large and small businesses, and every employee will be making \$18.13 an hour. "It's workers like you who made this happen," Sawant told an employee

at IHOP during the march, "not me." HEIDI

DID YOU GET YOUR RAISE? No matter where you work in the city, starting April 1, you should receive at least \$10 an hour. If you work for a large company—somewhere with more than 500 employees or that is a local franchise of a large company, like a fast-food restaurant—you should make \$11 an hour. If you work for a small business, you'll earn \$11 an hour or \$10 with tips or health benefits. Not getting your legal wage? Call the City of Seattle Office of Labor Standards (684-4500), Working Washington (866-385-9509), or, for Spanish speakers, Casa Latina (745-2045). HEIDI GROOVER

THE CITY HASN'T GOTTEN ENOUGH **APPLICANTS FOR THE JOB OF ENFORC-**ING SEATTLE'S NEW MINIMUM WAGE

LAW It was embarrassing enough that the city hadn't even hired a director for the department that's supposed to make sure everyone is getting paid the new legal wage a week ahead of the new minimum

wage rollout. But then came more news: Nobody seems to want the job. The city's human resources department and the Office for Civil Rights (which now includes the new Office of Labor Standards) had to extend the deadline for applications for that job



PARTY IN THE STREETS Activists marched on March 28 to

because it received too few applicants. Just how few? Neither the head of HR nor the director of the Office for Civil Rights would tell The Stranger. "That can undermine the integrity of the search," said HR director Susan Coskey. The job ad was first posted online in early March, just a month before the new minimum wage law was set to take effect. Near the end of the month, Coskey said the city and the recruiting firm it's working with hadn't "garnered the depth or breadth of candidates that we wanted for this position." Now, they've appointed an interim director and gotten rid of any sort of closing date for the ad. Instead, they'll keep it open until they have a "sufficient pool of applicants," said OCR director Patty Lally, HEIDI GROOVER

CITY COUNCIL APPROVES NEW HOMELESS ENCAMPMENTS—FINALLY After rejecting a similar measure just two years ago, the Seattle City Council voted unanimously on March 30 to allow three new 100-person homeless encampments on public or private land within the city. New tent cities will only address a portion of the city's growing homelessness crisis—more than 2,800 people were sleeping on the streets of Seattle at advocates' last count—but it's a huge tone change from the city council. The bill allows encampments in commercial and industrial parts of the city, and an amendment added by Sawant will direct the city's planning department to study the possibility of someday allowing them in residential zones, too. That addition, Sawant told a packed council chamber, "will uphold the principle that we are all residents, whether we have a roof over our heads or not." HEIDI GROOVER

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WHAT DO YOU SEE WHEN YOU LOOK AT THIS ATTIC?

A REAL GAY MAN WITH A SECRET PAST SITS ON SHEILA HETI'S FICTIONAL COUCH

BY SHEILA HETI



This attic is one of 21 paper backgrounds Sheila Heti discovered in a 1940s-era paperdoll set for Freudian analysts. On top are three paper dolls chosen at random. George, a gay man who used to have a secret relationship, was asked what he sees when he looks at this scene.

eorge is a gay man of 32 whose professional life is just adequate enough to support him. He works in electronics. His most significant romantic relationship was with a beautiful man named Lee, but that relationship was a secret. It went on for six years, during which time Lee had a boyfriend named Albert. Lee and Albert lived together (and had been together four years already when George and Lee's relationship started). The three took vacations together, celebrated the holidays with elaborate dinners, were inseparable as a threesome. Often George slept over, and he and Lee would have sex downstairs while the oblivious Albert would be fast asleep upstairs. Several years after Lee committed suicide, George confessed to Albert about their

affair. George and Albert are now close friends. They travel together and have dinner most nights. One wonders if they are in love with each other, somehow. Both have been single since Lee's death. It's difficult for an outsider to understand the nature of their friendship. Why isn't Albert more upset at George? How could George have been so deceitful for so long? One thing is clear: They both thought Lee was the greatest man in the world.

What do you see when you look at this picture, George?

Her face [the woman in the middle] is really overpowering, so I can't not make it the central part of the story. She's really angry because her daughter has found a new lover, who appears to be an older black man, in >

George and Lee would have sex while Lee's oblivious boyfriend slept upstairs.







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It would not be surprising if George thought I was judging him, sensing my feelings, which I must have revealed unwittingly.

■ their attic. It appears that he's been living up there for a while, and she knows him quite well now.

Who knows him quite well? The girl or the mother?

The girl! And the mother is, like, so angry at what's happened. Her face is like-that tells the whole story right there.

You think the girl is having sex with the

Yeah, I think they know each other inti-

How did the man get up there?

Mmm... he found a way in, you know, like any creature that needs shelter.

And the mother suddenly discovered them fooling around?

Yeah, and the mother only sees the potentially bad effects of having such a weird relationship, 'cause the girl's so young and he's so old. But they're happy with each other. They've benefited from their diverse backgrounds.

It's been a healthy relationship?

In some ways, I think. Now that the mother has discovered them, it's not going to end nicely. I think what's going to happen now is the girl's going to get beaten and he's going to get arrested by the police.

Would it have been better for them if their affair had continued without the mother interrupting?

I mean, you can't live in an attic, so...

But is it good for them that the relationship is coming to an end?

Well... maybe the real world had no place for this couple.



ho is the black man? Who is the mother? And who is the girl? It seems clear that the black man is George, who "found a way in, you know, like any creature that needs shelter." George found a way into a relationship he admired and envied. "Like any creature that needs shelter," there is a vulnerability to George. One admires him for this vulnerability. Yet it is also off-putting.

If George is the black man (whose "oldness" may be a stand-in for George's physical homeliness), the beautiful Lee is the young girl who "has found a new lover," one who has evidently "been living there for a while," perhaps as long as six years.

One might therefore deduce that Albert is the mother, but Albert broke nothing up. I am the only person, apart from Albert and George and Lee, who knows the story of

what happened (being an outsider to their social circle, I'm a safe person to confess to). Therefore, the mother may be me—the enquirer, the outsider who breaks up the naturalness of their arrangement with disapproval she cannot hide. Being told the story over an intimate dinner with Albert and George, I tried not to be critical, but I certainly felt "angry with what happened," because I care about Albert a lot. It would not be surprising if George thought I was judging him, sensing my feelings, which I must have revealed unwittingly. As he said of the mother, "Her face is like—that tells the whole story right there."

I am a monogamous, straight woman and I was raised in a conventional, middle-class home. I am (perhaps in reality-certainly in George's imagination) the one who "only sees the potentially bad effects of having such a weird relationship." Perhaps I represent mainstream attitudes; my morals are symbolic of a type of policing that might have George "arrested by the police."

Anything hidden, any variation from the norm—like the secret affair between George and Lee-will eventually be uncovered in the light of day. As George put it, "You can't live in an attic." On some level, he accepts the social censure surrounding his dishonesty—the mother's, my own, society's. He doesn't fight back. Neither does the girl or the old man. The mother "only sees the potentially bad effects of having such a weird relationship" in breaking the relationship up. Unfortunately, like George, most of us in our hearts accept the world's condemnation of the traits we see in ourselves and the behaviors we enact that, though they might make us privately "happy" and we may have even "benefited" from, look "potentially bad."

In spite of what comes through in my editing of the interview, George had a very difficult time providing a narration for this scene. He kept protesting that he had no imagination. Although there was truth in this, I encouraged him to keep speaking. His narrative of this scene and his narrative of others, however, were all a little boring. George was right—his imagination is underdeveloped, limited.

Perhaps that's because he so deeply respects law and order. Law and order are, for him, "a central part of the story." If George didn't feel so much respect for order, he might have revealed the affair to Albert during the six years it was ongoing. Or he might have encouraged Lee to be more open about what they were doing, rather than agreeing to keep their love a secret and protect the status quo.

George is a conservative person at heart, resigned and acquiescing in the face of the limitations of society as he sees them. "The real world had no place for this couple," he is absolutely sure. ■

 ${\bf SHEILA\ HETI}\ is\ the\ author\ of\ several\ hard-to$ categorize books, including the novel How Should a Person Be? This is the second installment in a series.

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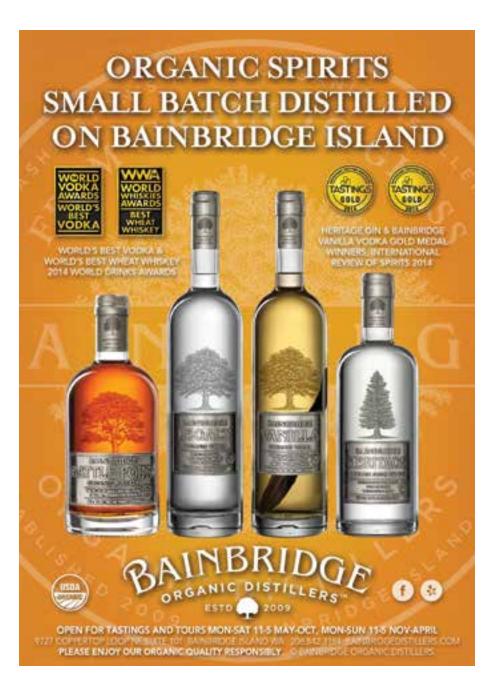
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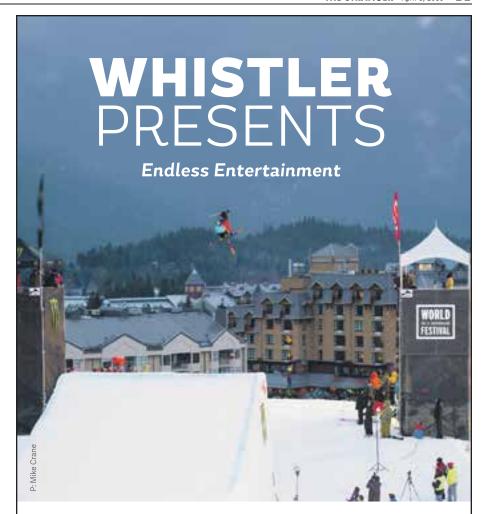
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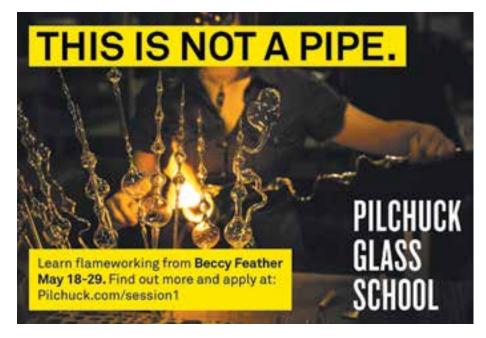
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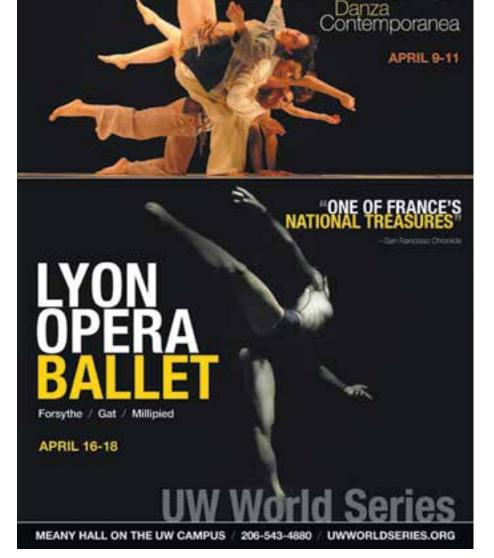




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STRANGERSUGGESTS SOMUCH MORE AT THE STRANGER. COM/EVENTS



Cherry Glazerr - MUSIC

Like their name might suggest, Cherry Glazerr's music is sweet, but in a slightly cloudy way. The LA trio may be young—guitarist/vocalist Clementine Creevy and drummer Hannah Uribe are 18 and very nearly out of high school, bassist Sean Redman is 24—but there is a refreshing rawness where you may expect cute. Their song "Teenage Girl" nails the female coming-of-age experience with wry critique; "Had Ten Dollaz" is an endlessly catchy, gritty pop jam. Even their early ode to grilled cheese sandwiches is intriguing in its sparse, airy dissonance. (The Vera Project, Seattle Center, theveraproject.org, 7:30 pm, \$10, all ages) EMILY NOKES

Tamale Thursday

Move over, Taco Tuesday! Despite what some of the newest Capitol Hill restaurants want you to believe, NO ONE needs to pay more than \$10 for this delicious Mesoamerican comfort food. El Chito sells tamales fresh and frozen every Sunday at the Broadway Farmers Market for \$4. I reheated one at home in a steamer and it was **PERFEC-**TION. Fogón sells two for \$7.95, and the husks smell like fresh roasted sweet corn. My all-time favorite is still, always, the \$2.75 pork tamale at Rancho Bravo. It's as big as a baby leg, and when doused in any one of their five homemade hot sauces, it's the most tasty masa for your money. (El Chito, 425-780-9681; Fogón, 600 E Pine St, fogonseattle.com; Rancho Bravo, 1001 E Pine St, 322-9399) KELLY O

Magma - Music



Magma's rare North American tour celebrates the legendary French ensemble's 45th anniversary. It's a testament to drummer/leader Christian Vander's tenacity and unique genius that they've maintained their rep for intense, extravagant performances. What separates Magma from the progrock pack is their overpowering, complex sound in which **operatic, stentorian vocals**—sung in the hilarious Kobaïan language—flare over fiery

jazz chord progressions, manic-oppressive rhythms, massively throbbing bass, and more. Compared to Magma, Frank Zappa's most excessive '70s groups seem like buttoned-up chamber orchestras. (Crocodile, 2200 Second Ave, thecrocodile.com, 8 pm, \$25-\$50, all ages) DAVE SEGAL

'Splurge Land' - DANCE



Choreographer Kate Wallich has a bracingly original way of interpreting contemporary, candy-flavored pop culture in a manner that feels drafty, dark, and gothic. Last year's Super Eagle at Velocity Dance Center was both tender and sleazy, and seemed to document the kind of romance that could be kindled at a pool party but slowly and agonizingly extinguished behind closed doors.

With electronic music by Johnny Goss (Cock & Swan), Wallich and three other dancers promise to plumb "the highs, lows, hopes, and fears of the post-internet generation." (On the Boards, 100 W Roy St, ontheboards.org, 8 pm, \$23-\$25, April 2-5) BRENDAN KILEY

SUN APR 5

Pastor Kaleb's Easter



Service - CHURCH

Some of us who grew up going to church actually miss it, despite the specious (or hateful) bullshit that could rain down from the pulpit. The dressing up, the catching up, and the refreshments were a weekly reminder that no matter how lonely you felt, you were part of a (though I cringe to use the word) community. Over the years, Pastor Kaleb has attract-

ed a dedicated congregation of actors, dancers, musicians, burlesque stars, and artists who attend his Easter Service for its annual celebration/catharsis of the past year. There are jokes, songs, dances, and **sometimes real tears**. It's beautiful, and it comes with booze. (Century Ballroom, 915 E Pine St, centuryballroom.com, 11 am and 2 pm, \$10 suggested donation, all ages) BRENDAN KILEY

Mariners Home Opener

I've always loved the dumb Mariners. When Mike Cameron hit three home runs at three consecutive at-bats, I was lying on the floor, listening to the game on the radio while I did my homework. It was unreal. But it's not usually like that. You have to be patient to watch baseball, because it's boring, and the Mariners are heartbreakers. People say they'll be good this year, but they say that every year. It doesn't matter if they're good or not. Baseball means spring and long nights and **letting** your mind wander. Leave work and watch the game at the Roanoke. They open at noon, with beer, peanuts, and grilled hot dogs. (Roanoke Park Place, 2409 10th Ave, roanokeseattle.com, 1:10 pm) KRISHANU RAY

'Welcome to New York'



If you recall that Abel Ferrara is famous for directing Bad Lieutenant, then you will understand why I think his new film, Welcome to New York, which stars **Gérard Depardieu**, should really be called Bad Managing Director of IMF, as it is inspired by the Dominique Strauss-Kahn affair. (The French IMF head was accused of sexually assaulting a hotel maid, but he beat the charge and left the country. Later, however, in his native country, he was charged with another sex-related crime— "aggravated pimping.") But it is hard to imagine a better director to handle the story of DSK than Ferrara. (Grand Illusion, 1403 NE 50th St, grandillusioncinema.org, \$9, April 3-9) CHARLES MUDEDE



Yelle - Music

Maybe it's because everything sounds better in French (cwoisssaaauunnt), but there's something extra super about Yelle's French electro-posi-pop. It's bright Euro disco with a slightly comical (can a synthesizer sound like a bouncy house feels?) approach to the music that makes the aforementioned genre more listenable than usual—especially when each song is catchier than the last. Yelle's (Julie Budet) neon voice shines with a glittery sexiness that is not gross or eye-rolly in the least. And the last time I saw her, matching drummers and coordinating outfits were involved! (Showbox at the Market, 1426 First Ave, showboxpresents.com, 9 pm, \$24 adv/\$27 DOS, all ages) EMILY NOKES



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THE STRANGER April 1, 2015 21

ARTS

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NELSON GEORGE Charles Mudede owes this man a debt of gratitude.

Nelson George Unveils The Lost Treasures of R&B

A Mystery Novel About Gentrification (for Good and Ill)

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

have always admired the culture critic Nelson George. I discovered him in the early '90s in the pages of the *Village Voice*. Then, as now, he mostly wrote about leading figures and developments in black popular culture with a warm, penetrating intelligence.

Unlike the pugnacious prose of the jazz critic Stanley Crouch. the academic militancy of Michele Wallace, or the intellectual hipness of Greg Tate (all of whom wrote for the Voice in the '80s and '90s, and all of whom I, as a critic for this weekly, owe a deep debt), George was always direct, encyclopedic, and entertaining. His essays and reviews revealed the mind of a historian. He consistently provided a rich background to explain a trend in R&B, hiphop, funk, and soul. A pop tune, for him, was never an isolated thing but a part of a larger picture that included politics, economics, urban currents, and race relations. Most important of all, his understanding of

American race relations was never facile but filled with surprises, with social phenomena that the average reader or cultural interpreter failed to appreciate or missed altogether. Blacks in George's work are like they often are in reality: not passive but engaged with

The Lost

Treasures of

R&B: A D Hunter

Mystery

by Nelson George

(Akashic Books, \$24.95)

and shaping the world around them. $\,$

George's talents were on full display in the basement of Elliott Bay Book Company last Saturday, when he read from and discussed the latest novel in his D Hunter mystery series, *The Lost Treasures of R&B*. (D is a

professional bodyguard with a knack for solving mysteries—the character is inspired by a pair of big black bodyguards George once saw protecting the white superstar Britney Spears.)

The ghost of Chester Himes, the most famous and brilliant black American writer in the hard-boiled tradition, looms over the book, which has two main parts and a heart. The first part involves a crime (a gun deal) and a rapper, Asya Roc (yes, this is a thinly veiled ASAP Rocky: "Asya Roc was a new breed of New York rap star who rhymed like he was from ATL or Texas"). The other part is historical research in the mode of some serious crate digging—the search

rious crate digging—the search for the rarest soul record ever made. Diana Ross is involved. The book's heart, however, is concerned with the gentrification of Brooklyn's poor and hidden sections. D, recently returned to the borough in which he was raised, tries to make sense of the changes around

him. "D was back in that same McDonald's where he'd been meeting with Ride. Once Brownsville got gentrified, he figured, he'd do these sitdowns at a Starbucks."

George can see that this urban transition is a complex matter. On the bad side, of course, the neighborhoods are becoming like all other neighborhoods that service middle-class American consumers. This is old news, and George knows it is old news. He also knows, as he explained during his reading, that it's happening in every city around the world. "When

"The gentrification thing is more complicated than it appears."

I visited Brixton [London's black neighborhood] last year, I was surprised. It used to be like the old Brooklyn, and now it is like the new Brooklyn. Cafes moved in, blacks are moving out." But there is also, surprisingly, a good side that is seldom registered: Poor and middle-class blacks in NYC are selling the old homes they bought for a song 30 years ago to developers for big profits and moving to the South. Bloggers and op-ed pieces rarely note that gentrification has been good for a lot of black folks. (In fact, it turned them into gentrifiers in cities like Atlanta and Charlotte.)

At one point during the reading, George put his novel down and spoke to the audience directly. "The gentrification thing is more complicated than it appears," he said. "I know here in Seattle, it is very white and involves internet capital. But in New York, it's different. Black people not only bought these brownstones on Franklin Avenue, but they couldn't improve them because of redlining. So they had no debts on their homes. They had not been improved. And when people started knocking on their doors and offering all kinds of money for their property, they took it and moved. If you sell a house in NYC for a million or \$800,000, you can live like a king in Atlanta."

The crate-digging side of the novel is about a different sort of gentrification: the death of R&B. George understands that black people no longer make or listen to that kind of music. If you go to an R&B show, the dominant color you will find in the audience is white. As they did with jazz and the blues, blacks have abdicated R&B to whites in the United States and Europe.

D's client is Sir Michael Archer, a British collector and lover of black culture, who accuses his bodyguard of being "ignorant of your legacy." He goes on to label that ignorance a "sad disease often prevalent amongst Americans, but now so widespread it's like your people had nothing to do with all that great art."

Whether or not Archer's point is valid, D isn't having it.

"You need to stop that your people shit."

"But are you not one of the blacks of North America? Heirs to a great culture that you know little or nothing about?"

"I'm no historian but it is our culture." D was getting hot.

George is a historian of his culture. \blacksquare

ART

Why Does Everyone Have to Have Their Own Four Walls?

A New Wave of Seattle Art Galleries Fights to Survive

BY SARRA SCHERB

our one out for the lost art galleries of the last year—priced out of their spaces, couldn't make sales, or just plain exhausted: Fetherston. Prole Drift. Francine Seders. Grover/Thurston. Seattle ArtREsource. Legacy. Tasty. Bherd Studios. LxWxH. Vignettes. Ltd. Some were high-end downtown mainstays, others were cornerstones of their neighborhood art walks. Some transformed, others retired, but all of them unscrewed the lightbulbs when they left. But before that poured-out drop has even hit the sidewalk, another slew of fresh-faced dealers is already hard at work. What makes them think their fate will be any different?

Traditionally, anyone wanting to sell art in Seattle would rent a Pioneer Square store-front, paint the walls white (or off-white, for the daring), and establish a roster of artists. The artists created the work while the gallerist insured it, handled press and advertising, flung it on the web, mounted monthly exhibits, schmoozed collectors, sold it, and took a cut. Most of the city's major galleries still •









COURTESY OF LXW

LxWxH It's always nice when a gallery can also remind you how to determine volume.

"Seattle is getting

bigger, there

are more venues

all around town.

Staying in one spot

doesn't work."

■ function this way.

"I had my traditional gallery for five years," Beth Cullom told me. "And I realized, I was stuck on my own little island." Cullom migrated online after closing her eponymous brick-and-mortar gallery in 2013, and now counts herself fortunate. "I couldn't walk out of the gallery to go on studio visits—I had to stay behind the desk. All my time was taken up being curator, installer, preparator, and janitor."

And though she sensed shifts in the moods and tastes of the larger arts community, the faces that came around for every First Thursday art walk tended to be the same. "Arts people can think they're the center of the universe," Cullom said, "and that everyone will come to you. Not necessarily. Seattle is getting bigger and there are more venues all around town: Staying in one spot doesn't work."

So Cullom trimmed her artist list, packed up her inventory, and hit the road to become a mobile gallery. She now sets up her table each month at hotel lobbies, cafes, museum atria, and art fairs. She'll show her entire inventory at a collector's home one morning and

then set it up at a neighborhood art walk the same night. The portfolios are accessible to anyone who wants to touch, smell, and buy.

Did the shift worry her artists? "There were some raised eyebrows... but all the artists I asked to stay with me did so. They put a huge vote of confidence in me." She feels the system even works better for some: Rather than putting pressure on them to finish a large body of work in time for a yearly show, she picks up work as it's completed, honoring their page

Though she's spent the last two years doing a lot of explaining to collectors (and her own artists) about her mobile model, she wouldn't trade her new flexibility and responsiveness for the reliability of four white walls.

"I'm free to go anywhere now. I'm on the leading edge of what's going on in the city, making connections, attending events. I'm not stuck in my white box anymore."

While some dealers are stepping out, others are staying closer to home—literally. In 2010, Robert Yoder began showing quarterly exhibits in his Ravenna house-gallery SEA-SON. Simultaneously, Sierra Stinson started installing art in her Capitol Hill studio and sold work in bimonthly exhibits titled Vignettes. They packed viewers in, becoming must-see, one-night-only events. Aside from their scenester hype, Stinson explains their

popularity as a rare form of intimacy for artists and viewers alike. SEASON continues its exhibits today, joined recently by month-old apartment gallery Calypte and Two Shelves, which limits artists to the eponymous two shelves on which to display work.

Vignettes, however, has left the homegallery scene. Stinson closed the final exhibit last year and locked the door behind the last interloper. She and new business partner Serrah Russell have since mutated Vignettes into a web-based company that represents and sells art, conducts studio visits and interviews, and curates exhibits in other physical spaces.

"Vignettes may have begun in a studio apartment, but it's grown beyond us," said Stinson and Russell. "We see physical spaces as important and valued, but not always necessary. Right now, we see the value in the

flexibility, freedom, and reach that comes from not having a monthly rent on a gallery space, but being able to share work with a broad audience online and to collaborate with various physical spaces."

Having given up their meatspaces, both Vignettes and Cullom often

rely on other galleries to allow them to mount larger-format shows in their spaces. Cullom sees these partnerships as more powerful than the old-fashioned cutthroat competition.

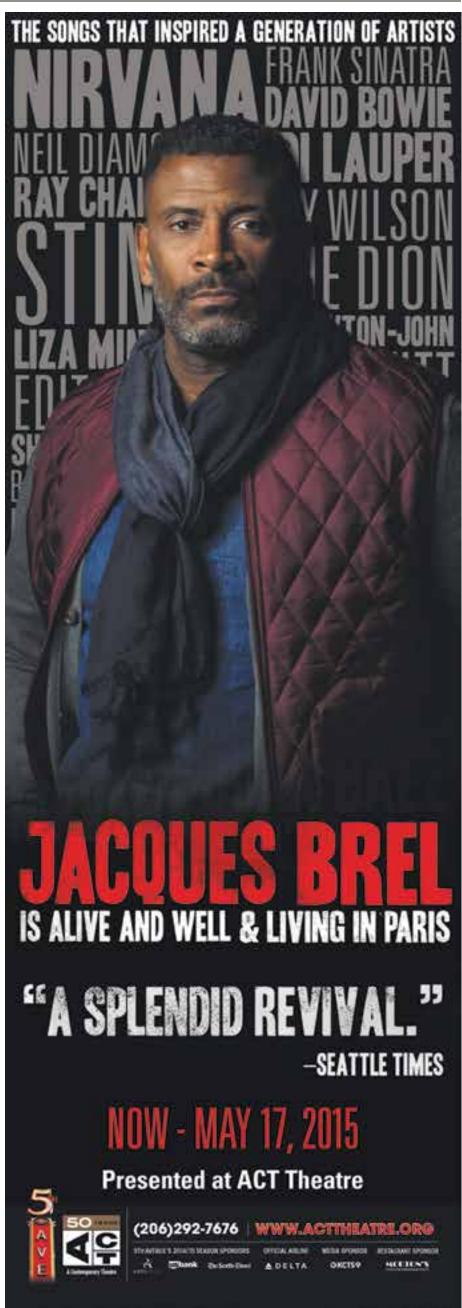
"Why does everyone have to have their own four walls? Traditional galleries hold their cards so close to their chests—the mantra is protect the client list! At this point, with the web and social media, that's delusional. It could be so much easier for everyone. The younger generation seems to intuitively grasp that."

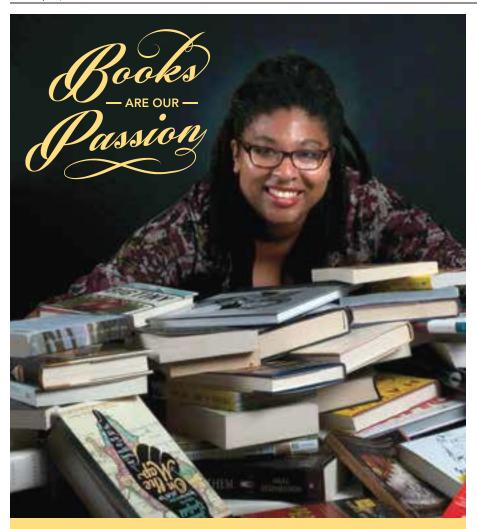
Not everyone is ready to recycle their white boxes—some are doubling down.

Sharon Arnold's experience has run counter to Stinson and Cullom's. In 2010, she started her online-only art-subscription service, where buyers received the art sight unseen. At the time, she questioned the efficacy and sustainability of physical spaces. But by 2012, she came to understand the value and necessity of physical space to a community and opened LxWxH with silent partner Kirsten Anderson. They closed it in 2014 to join forces at Anderson's powerhouse popsurrealist gallery Roq La Rue.

Packing in crowds during the art walk and boasting an impressive number of red dots each month, the co-owners aren't even a little tempted to trade in their keys.

"A brick-and-mortar space is essential," \triangleright





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LIVE! FROM THE LAST NIGHT OF MY LIFE An inspired parade of weirdos.

◀ said Anderson. "Anyone can curate a show or make an online gallery. Having a physical space gives artists confidence that not only do we want to get as many eyeballs clapped on to their work as possible, but that we are successfully discerning and powerful enough to run a good-sized physical venue for as long as we have."

Every approach involves risk.

"Opening a new gallery space is incredibly easy to do," said Arnold. "The hard part is in keeping it alive and getting through the rough patches and sticking it out. You have to do it for the right reasons.

Anderson agreed: "You have to have a really strong vision of what you want to see happen. You have to be absolutely committed." ■

THEATER

Wayne Rawley's Live! From the Last Night of My Life Has **Only Improved** with Age

Same Cast, Same Crew, Same Script, Better Show

BY BRENDAN KILEY

eople talk facilely about theater "magic," but the ephemeral nature that sets performance apart from books or films or records is beyond the reach of cliché. Individuals congregate at a particular spot, make something to show other individuals, and then go away, never to be reunited in that particular configuration. There will be other Othellos, other Arcadias, and other produc-

tions where actor A will costar with actor B, but each production creates an atmosphere that's beyond rare. It's unique.

Which is why watching Theatre22's production of Live! From the Last Night of My Life is both unsettling and rewarding. Wayne Rawley's excellent play about a

convenience-store clerk who has decided to kill himself at the end of his graveyard shift was performed with the same cast and almost entirely the same crew at Theater Schmeater in 2011. Rawley shies away from calling this production a "remount," and it's not hard to

see why—while it's a pleasure to remember and relive that production, Live! has deepened with age. That is partially a credit to the actors, all of whom give more nuanced performances than they did four years ago, but

Being the beneficiary of all the privilege America has to offer doesn't help.

also to Rawley's portrait of a specific kind of despair. His script manages to be comedy and tragedy at the same time.

Doug Sample (Ryan Higgins) is that demographically dullest of creatures—a thirtysomething, straight white male with a middleclass upbringing and a bad case of malaise. His final shift at the Super Slurp Gas Up and Get Goin' in Marysville becomes a nightlong suicide note addressed to his boss via the security cameras she's recently installed around the store. As the play progresses, his mind ping-pongs between memories (mostly of his parents and girlfriends), his fantasies (conversations with John Travolta, performing Footloose-style routines with his imaginary backup dancers), and the nighthawks who wander in and interrupt his reveries.

As people from all three of these dimensions continue to remind him, he's a guy with "potential." He used to work at Amazon.com (and quit just before it went public), is good with computers, and is generally liked by the people around him-but he doesn't like himself. Being the beneficiary of all the privilege America has to offer doesn't help. In fact, it seems to make things worse: He can't hang his despair and self-loathing on anything but himself.

Though the narrative is bleak, Rawley and the nine-person ensemble stuff every scene with grim comedy as a whole menagerie of customers comes bursting through the door: snotty girls buying cigarettes, pompous rich guys irritated about having to prepay for their gas after dark, a psychic who plays the Lotto but refuses to use her "beautiful

REVIEW

Live! From

the Last Night

of My Life

Theatre22 at

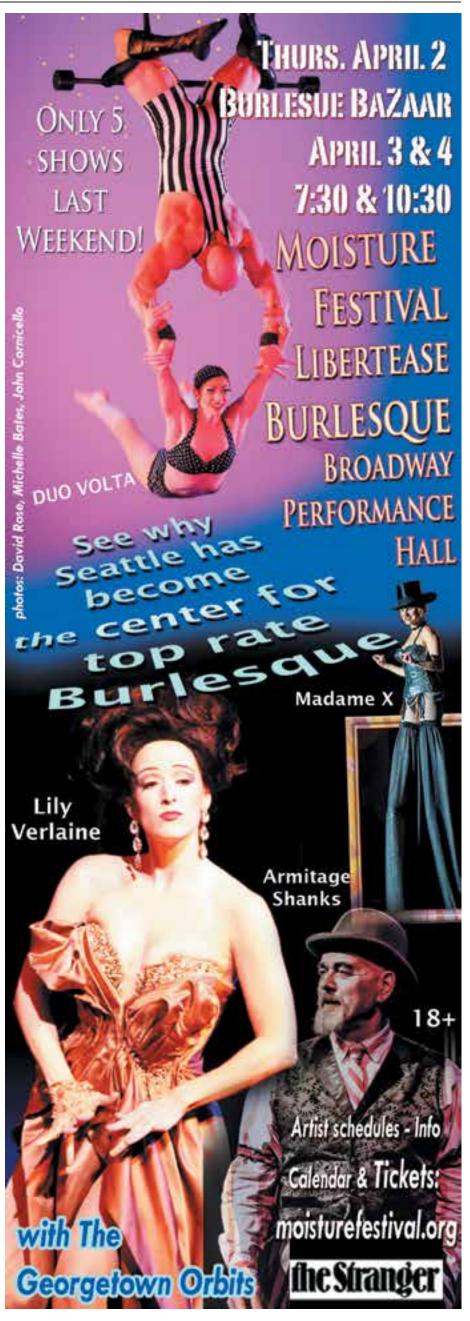
12th Avenue Arts

Through April 18

gift" to pick the winning numbers, weeping women with bad boyfriends, heshers who pump nacho cheese directly into their hands before slurping it up, and a strangely happy employee from the Circle K across the street who chastises Doug for not being more appreciative of the Super Slurp's east-fac-

ing windows and its view of the sunrise. "You have to stick around long enough to watch the sun come up," the man (played with a gleeful, stoner enthusiasm by Corey McDaniel) urges Doug. "Do you have any idea of the impossible shenanigans that had to come together ▶



















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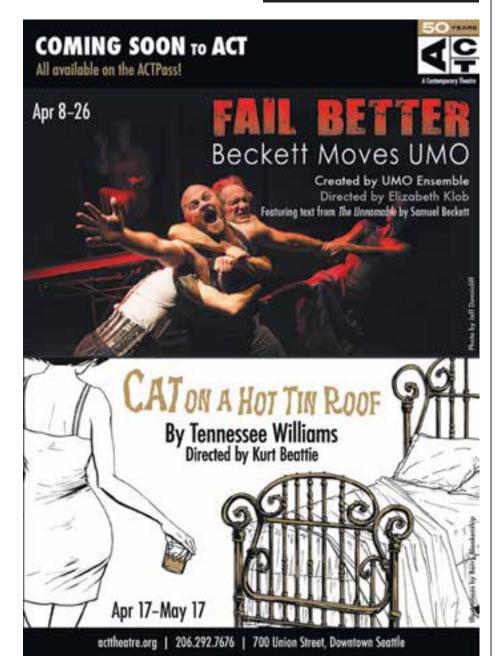
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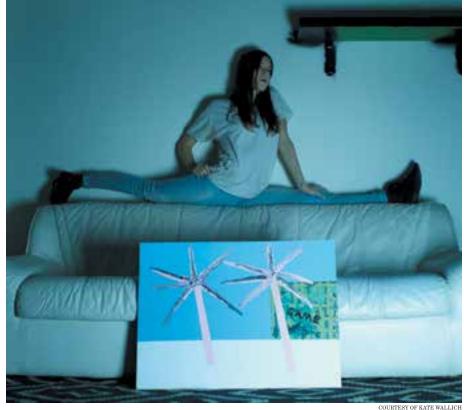
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KATE WALLICH Sofa, so good. At On the Boards April 2-5.

◆ to even make watching the sunrise possible? Atoms banging boots in just the right

right distance. Have you ever thought about how absolutely mind-blowingly crazy it is

combos, the earth and sun dancing at just the

that there is, like, air?"

"You know what I'm really not going to miss?" Doug deadpans to the security camera after the Circle K guy leaves. "Shit like that... I can't leave. I can't throw them out. I can't bare-knuckle fight them, I can't make them stop talking. You call this a 'convenience store'?" A car honks outside, wanting Doug to turn on the gas pumps.

Higgins gives a tireless performance, swooping between memories, fantasies, and customers like a bird, and the ensemble is just as good—particularly James Weidman, Jason Sharp, and Samie Spring Detzer—as the collection of weirdos parading through Doug's mind. Together they bring even more vibrancy and urgency to life behind a convenience-store counter than they did back in 2011. Live! lets us do something Doug cannot—relive what could be his last night on earth one more time.

DANCE

How Do You **Dance About Technology** and Fascism?

Choreographers Kate Wallich and Alice Gosti **Discuss Ambitious** New Shows

BY MELODY DATZ-HANSEN

his week at On the Boards, choreographer Kate Wallich and her company, The YC, will live-Instagram themselves while dancing onstage in between rows of fake potted plants. Later in April, choreographer Alice Gosti's five-hour durational performance piece involving dance, choral music, and the haunting vocals of composer Hanna Benn will premiere at Saint Mark's Cathedral. The subject matter for the performances ranges from post-internet-generation relationships to political resistance, topics so complex and so intrinsically verbal that approaching them through dance seems a pretty lofty goal.

Not lofty at all, says How to become a partisan director/choreographer Alice Gosti. 'Ineffability doesn't equate to an absence of meaning. It creates discussion. I've created this whole system so the audience has the power to decide how to take it in and decide when they're ready to leave. I'm interested in the democracy of an audience." Partisan will be performed on April 25, the 70th anniversary of Italy's liberation from fascism. In the course of its five-hour duration, the piece will incorporate the stories of women who participated in the Italian partisan move-

PREVIEW

Kate Wallich: **Splurge Land** On the Boards

April 2-5 Alice Gosti:

How to become a partisan Saint Mark's Cathedral Sat April 25

ment as well as Gosti's and her collaborators' reactions to those stories. Gosti developed partisan from a series of interviews with Italian resistance fighters, and the ideas of resistance and personal power guided the choreography, music, and design of the piece during her

residency at Velocity Dance Center's Made in Seattle program. Gosti's concepts of resistance extend beyond the obvious, such as direct pushing against a force or human form, "to the stillness of a rock in a current of water that resists the movement around it. Resistance is not always active," says Gosti. "This piece is about the visibility and invisibility of women, and how the resistance fightersand women everywhere—think about what we are allowed to be, and what we do with that. This choreography is very physical; [the dancers and I] had long conversations about being playful and aggressive but not violent. It's hard; these are characteristics of male behavior that women don't always automatically recognize."

Some of the dancing in partisan is incredibly physical, reminiscent of a pile of puppies bouncing and falling in a tightly choreographed series of steps. In one piece, performed on the side of the church next to the rows of pews, the dancers start standing in a tight group and push, pull, and flip each other around so that each dancer's movement seems to be a catalyst for another, a set of entirely codependent human dominos. The dancers won't be performing during the en"I find the

relationships that

people have with

the internet to

be so sad; there

are all these false

realities that make

us have this extra

emotional junk."

tire five hours. Some will move through the space at different times, sometimes highly visible and sometimes moving silently through the pews, seen only by observers standing in the right place at the right time. The audience

will be free to move around the church or sit in the pews at will, and Gosti says that no entrance or exit will be blocked for more than a couple of seconds.

Kate Wallich's Splurge Land also approaches the subject of personal freedom, with a focus on a very different demographic. "Splurge Land is about the sad undertones and subtext of the post-internet generation," says Wallich. "I find the relationships that people have with the internet to be so

sad; there are all these false realities that make us have this extra emotional junk. These potentially fake relationships that develop on the internet allow us to be really picky about how we present ourselves, we design a filter that decides who we are to other people. That loneliness is the subtext inside this piece, in my own life, and I think that will appeal to people of all generations." The loneliness that Wallich notes is visible in the choreography, as the four dancers—Wallich, Lavinia Vago, Matt Drews, and Waldean Nelson—run diagonally across the stage and make brief physical contact in the middle of the floor before moving on, crossing paths only at precise moments in quick exchanges of body weight via a shove, lift, or manipulation of limbs. Two paintings at the back of the stage by local painter JD Banke and lighting by designer

Amiya Brown provide what Wallich says reminds her of the starkness of the internet's glow, the filters that social-media tools like Instagram cast on the realities of the human form. "There's a lot of referencing to the social-media thing, we live-Instagram ourselves during the piece and there's that phone glow on our faces."

In addition to a film component that Wallich and her collaborators made in the On the Boards visual artists' studio, all parts of Splurge

Land seek to create a feeling of the vastness and sometimes tragic loneliness of the internet. "To make the film, we threw this big party and everybody got really crazy so it shows that party culture inside the internet culture, that part of life that everyone wants to document and share. It represents where I am in my life right now, this piece is really personal for me." Wallich's last work, Super Eagle, was "so precious, slow, and hard," she says. "I wanted to make the opposite and just vomit everywhere, and that urge to splurge became SL. And that's what the internet feels like to me: splurge, vomit, big, crazy." ■



Silent Reading Party READING/SILENCE Wed April 1, Sorrento Hotel (900 Madison St)

You could get a little stoned and crack open a book at home, by yourself, but wouldn't vou rather read in a lavish hotel lounge surrounded by other reading humans? This event involves zero socialanxiety-inducing small talk, just mellow live music like cello, harp, or piano.

Nearby snack: Piroshki on Madison (1219 Madison St) offers a full menu of piroshkis (very adorable Russian meat or vegetable turnovers) and desserts. (Plus. the Sorrento has a very good kitchen and cocktail menu.)

First Thursday Art Walk

ART Thurs April 2, Pioneer Square

Walk around, visit several galleries, look at so much art. Easy. Nice. Bring a friend! Or don't! No pressure.

Nearby snack: If you're in the mood for seafood, Taylor Shellfish (410 Occidental Ave S) and Gaba Sushi (220 First Ave S) are both in the art walk zone.

Sakura-Con

FESTIVAL April 3-5, Washington State Convention & Trade Center (800 Convention PI)

Now in its 18th year, Sakura-Con (presented by Asia Northwest Cultural Education Association) celebrates the glorious, colorful world of anime. This year's programming is packed with cultural panels, dances, industry guests, and gaming, but everyone knows the cosplay is what's going to be the most fantastic!

Nearby snack: My colleagues tell me that MOD Pizza (1302 Sixth Ave) is pretty good because you "don't have to make really hard decisions about toppings" (add or subtract toppings for no charge) and "the crust is exactly the right gauge" (not too thick, not too thin—perfectly baby-bear).

'Dirk Staschke: Executing Merit' ART Through April 15, Winston Wachter Fine Art (203 Dexter Ave N)

Dirk Staschke's sculptures are intricate and polished and look like (lightly satirized) three-dimensional still-life paintings—opulent cakes, birds, meat—but with unfinished and raw elements that reveal the ceramic craft and process. Apparently, Staschke's usual style is immaculate and this is his attempt at "relinquishing control." The juxtaposition is pretty effing bananas to look at.

Nearby snack: La Parisienne French Bakery (2507 Fourth Ave) for the meringues, éclairs, macarons, baquettes, and tarts of your dreams.

78 rpm DJ Night

MUSIC Sat April 4, Bottleworks (1710 N 45th St #3)

Listen to very old records—so old, they're played at 78 rpm—and enjoy a beer (or mead, or cider) from a menu of more than 950 options. DJ Jeffery Taylor (co-owner of Wall of Sound and coauthor of Victrola Favorites) will be spinning from his collection of jazz, hillbilly, gospel, and ethnographic 78s from the 1920s through the 1950s.

Nearby snack: The pasta at Bizzarro Italian Cafe (1307 N 46th St) is very delicious. Get the Forest Floor Frenzy and try not to fill up on the garlic bread. ■

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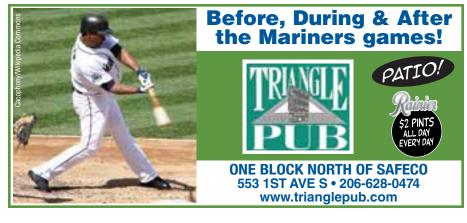














NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER April 1, 2015 29





IVAR'S SALMON HOUSE Opting for its own version of complying with the city's new minimum-wage ordinance.

Ivar's Salmon House Is Going Tipless

In Response to the New Minimum-Wage Law, the Lake Union Restaurant Will Immediately Raise Workers' Wages to \$15 an Hour

n anticipation of Seattle's historic minimum-wage increase, many restaurants have struggled to figure out how to cover higher labor costs. Restaurant owners agree that menu

prices will have to increase at least slightly, but beyond that, most seem unsure of what to do. Add surcharges and service fees? Eliminate tipping? Accept lower profit margins? Most business owners have adopted a "wait-and-see" approach, looking to what their colleagues do in the coming weeks and months before implementing any significant changes of their own.

But at least one Seattle restaurant is taking action. Starting April 1—when the minimum wage for Seattle workers will increase from \$9.47 to either \$10 or \$11—Ivar's, the iconic local restaurant chain famous for clam chowder and fish 'n' chips, will raise the wages of all employees at Ivar's Salmon House to \$15 an hour. They will also remove the tip line from checks, effectively eliminating tipping.

Bob Donegan, Ivar's president and CEO, said that the Lake Union restaurant will be the only location of his restaurant chain to introduce the no-tipping system. Ivar's will follow the city's new minimum-wage ordinance for its fast-food seafood bars, but is immediately raising wages to \$15 an hour for everyone who works in its full-service restaurant. "We are testing different models in different divisions," says Donegan.

On Saturday, March 21, managers at Ivar's Salmon House held a meeting to present the new policy to staff, giving them just 10 days'

notice of a complete overhaul to the way they get paid. One longtime server, who spoke on the condition of anonymity, expressed anxiety and fear over what the new policy would mean for yearly wages, for both servers and back-of-house staff.

The basics of Ivar's new policy will go like this: All employees, both tipped waitstaff and non-tipped back-of-house staff, will earn \$15 an hour. (Currently, waitstaff make the state minimum wage of \$9.47 plus tips, while back-of-house wages range from \$12 to \$15 without tips, according to Donegan.) Discretionary tipping by customers will be taken away, and instead all waitstaff will receive an 8 percent commission on sales, while back-of-house staffers will receive 9 percent of sales.

But back-of-house staffers won't receive equal amounts of that 9 percent. Donegan said that sharing will be "determined by your position in the company, so sous chefs get more than cooks, and cooks get more than dishwashers or bussers. The more skills you have and the more tenure with the company you have, the more your share of the [commission] is going to be." He believes the new system will address the wage discrepancy between higher-earning front-of-house staff and back-of-house workers, whom everyone agrees deserve higher wages.

To cover the increase in labor costs, says Donegan, "menu prices will be about 20 percent

higher, but included in the menu price this year is the tip." Donegan explained that "over the last decade, tips have remained pretty consistent at 17 percent. Ivar's is taking that 17 percent average gratuity and adding it into menu pricing, as well as adding an extra 4 percent."

Here's what the price increase will look like for customers: "If last year you bought a menu item for \$10, your bill would have been \$10," says Donegan. "And when you signed your credit card slip or paid with cash, you would have given \$11.70 to Ivar's. That's a \$10 bill plus 17 percent tip. This year, the \$10 bill would be \$11.70 plus 40 cents, which is 4 percent of \$10. And so your bill would be \$12.10 this year, compared to \$11.70 last year."

At the employee meeting last Saturday, every server was given a sheet comparing his or her 2014 earnings against Ivar's projection

While back-of-house earnings will rise, the future wages of servers are less clear.

of earnings with the new system. While backof-house earnings will rise, the future wages of servers are less clear. Averages are difficult to work off of because tip earnings vary widely from server to server.

Regarding the company's swift move to \$15, Donegan said, "We made the decision for two reasons: One, we always comply with the

law. Two, we don't want this to be a case of incremental changes over the next four years. We said, 'Let's get it over all at once."

As a member of the mayor's Income Inequality Advisory Committee, Donegan negotiated on behalf of the business community and organizations including the Washington Restaurant Association and Seattle Metropolitan Chamber of Commerce to ensure the new minimum-wage law included a tip credit (which allows employers to account for tips and health care in an employee's wage increase)—something many restaurant owners claimed was essential to their ability to survive an increase in labor costs. Allowing restaurants to use a tip credit was one of the most divisive elements of the \$15 debate, and its inclusion was what ultimately got many businesses to support the new minimum-wage law.

Donegan, who also helped fund the anti-\$15 initiative in the City of SeaTac, called the minimum-wage ordinance with tip credit "the least offensive of the imperfect solutions."

"Over the course of the year, our goal is that everybody who works in the restaurant in 2015 will make as much as or more than he or she did in 2014," says Donegan, pointing out that Ivar's will not make any changes to employees' other compensations. But whether Ivar's can achieve its goal remains to be seen.

So how will customers experience the new tipless system at Ivar's Salmon House?

As they debut their new system, Ivar's will have more managers on the floor at every shift. Managers, rather than hosts, will escort diners to their table and explain the new no-tipping policy. Donegan says, "There will be a little message on the menu and there will be table tents in the bar that say 'No tipping, please,' with a couple of paragraphs that explain it."

After the meal, a manager will present customers with most bills, will remind them of the no-tipping policy, and will allow them to ask questions. There will no longer be a line on checks that reads "Tip."

The Ivar's employee I spoke with was uneasy about this new model, which removes the very mechanism by which many servers have managed to carve out a living over the years. According to the server, "If guests want to leave extra gratuity, we have to go get a manager."

But Donegan denied this policy: "We are discouraging tipping, but we are not preventing it." He went on to say: "If someone wants to leave a tip, all he or she has to do is write on the credit card slip 'Tip: \$3' or 'Tip: plus 5 percent,' or leave the cash on the table. And that tip, the whole amount of that tip, will go to the server or bartender."

Sounds simple enough, but without a tip line and after being encouraged not to tip, will customers go through the trouble to give servers more money? That also remains to be seen.

While Donegan says, "Our employees are our most important resource," he's also fine with the possibility that staff may leave because of the new policy: "If you as a server don't like the uncertainty of this system and you think you can do better, by earning all of the tips that you've earned in the past, and you want to be on your own, that's okay."

Donegan says that Ivar's does not expect to make any extra profit once the new system takes effect: "Our goal is that there will be no effect on the bottom line at all."

In the end, Donegan admits, "None of us know how this is going to go." While he is optimistic that Ivar's new model will work, the employee I spoke with wasn't so sure.

"I just want to know if what Ivar's is doing is right," the employee told me. "I wonder if the industry is moving in the right direction."

Judging by most restaurant owners' actions (or inaction) to date, it seems the industry is wondering the same thing. In the months ahead, they will certainly be looking at Ivar's to see what happens. ■

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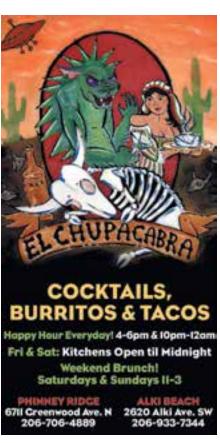












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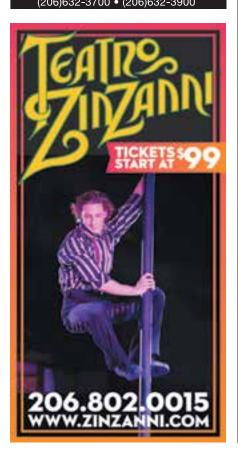


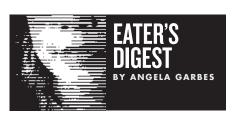




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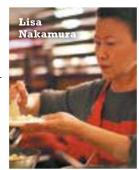




Gnocchi Bar Opens on Capitol Hill

Gnocchi Bar (1542 12th Ave, 328-4285), from chef Lisa Nakamura, is open for business on the corner of 12th and Pine on Capitol Hill. The restaurant takes its inspiration from the handmade pasta dish that was a favorite at Nakamura's last restaurant, Allium, located on Orcas Island. In addition to featuring several kinds of gnocchi, the restaurant also features items such as Portuguese bean soup and lentil-and-parsnip salad. It also serves

gelato made by the space's former tenant, D'Ambrosio. Nakamura spent the last year running a successful gnocchi pop-up and Indiegogo campaign to fund the launch. (One of the restaurant's walls



is dedicated to its community backers, with the names of individual donors listed prominently on the "Gnocchi Bar Wall of Fame.") Gnocchi Bar is open daily at 5 p.m.

Ethan Stowell Will Open a Restaurant in the Four Seasons Hotel

Ethan Stowell is creating a new restaurant to replace ART Restaurant & Lounge in the Four Seasons Hotel (99 Union St), and will bring in chef Joe Ritchie, currently at Stowell's Mkt., to lead the kitchen. The as-yet-unnamed restaurant, which is set to open in mid-May, marks Stowell's return to downtown since his first restaurant, Union, closed in 2010. (It was located just across the street.) Stowell is also working on a new pizzeria in Frelard and a gastropub in Ballard that, when open, will bring his total Seattle restaurant count to 12.

Joshua Henderson's Huxley Wallace Collective Plans a Bunch of Openings in the Next Year

Joshua Henderson, founder of Westward and Quality Athletics, recently announced big plans to open up to six new restaurants around town over the next year. To that end, he's made an impressive hire, bringing in Eric Rivera (who is currently serving as director of culinary research operations at Chicago's Alinea, Next, and Aviary) as director of operations. Rivera will help oversee the launch of what, at this time, are plans for two burger joints, a bistro, a taco bar, and a culinary complex that will offer, among other things, rotisserie chicken, growler refills, and a full-service restaurant.

The announcement reminded me of another one Henderson made in 2013, when he hired Laura Pyles (who was then pastry chef at Revel and Joule) to open Parchment, a bread-, pastry-, and beer-focused concept in Sodo. The whole project fell through, however, and Pyles was laid off without much explanation.

Luckily, Pyles kept the name Parchment and has continued baking. She said that Parchment, which she now runs as a Sundaymorning pop-up out of Ballard's Brimmer & Heeltap (425 NW Market St), is celebrating its one-year anniversary on Sunday, April 5, at 8 a.m. Pyles says the event will be "a big one" with "hot cross buns, babka, carrot cake, Mallorca breakfast sammies," and, of course, birthday cake. ■

NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER April 1, 2015 33





 $\textbf{TO PIMP A BUTTERFLY} \ A \ nonlinear; \ multiple-perspective \ Spike \ Lee \ joint \ on \ Broadway \ scored \ by \ Dr. \ Dre, \ George \ Clinton, \ and \ Flying \ Lotus.$

The Emotional Highs and Lows of Kendrick Lamar's To Pimp a Butterfly

Yes, It Really Is That Fucking Good
BY LARRY MIZELL JR.

summer of 1987: Ronald Reagan was in the White House. Bernhard Goetz was acquitted of all counts of attempted murder and assault on the four black teenagers he shot on a New York

To Pimp A Butterfly

Kendrick Lamar

(Top Dawg/Aftermath/Interscope)

subway. Prince was clocking universal acclaim for Sign o' the Times, singing about a young man "high on crack and toting a machine gun" on the title track. In Los Angeles, crowds lined up to watch the future governors of California and Minnesota shoot machine guns in Predator. The crack epidemic (the one sparked by the CIA in order to help fund

a revolution in Nicaragua) was in full swing, leading to 387 gang-related killings. And, in the heat of mid-June, Kendrick Lamar Duckworth

was born in the LA hub of Compton, a year before Dr. Dre and N.W.A. would make it a household name.

Twenty-eight years later, Dre is a headphone-hocking billionaire, a feature film based on N.W.A.'s meteoric, game-changing rise is nearing release, and little Kendrick—not Drake, not Kanye—is (and has been since his last album, 2013's Good Kid, M.A.A.D City) the Undisputed King of Rap. Kendrick's masterpiece of a third album, To Pimp a Butterfly, just hit the game like an atom bomb, breaking streaming records, topping the charts, earning near-universal raves. Metacritic, for one, currently rates it as "the best rap album of all time." And it really is that fucking good. TPAB is simply one of the most absorbing hiphop albums I've ever heard.

After spending the better part of a week

with it on repeat, the album's emotional highs and lows—the feeling I get as the scraped-up, crazy-crying depression of "u" gives way to the dogged determinism of "Alright"—are with me wherever I go. The producer of "u," Whoarei, tagged the original version of the song "#prayer" on SoundCloud—and that's exactly what it is for me: a prayer for

the strength and resiliency I desperately needed, and I bet I wasn't alone. Nor could I have been the only one smacked dumb when the

recurring device of a poem, released in bits throughout the album, resolved into the big reveal: Kendrick is a Tupac Shakur disciple, asking his deceased hero, who appears via the ingenious use of a 1994 interview, to clarify old metaphors, about the future of America. ("It's gonna be murder, you know what I'm saying. It's gonna be like Nat Turner, 1831, up in this motherfucker," sayeth Makaveli.)

Rappers love to describe their work as "a movie" to pump up its artistic merits (Good Kid, M.A.A.D City inspired a short film by director Kahlil Joseph, in fact). But To Pimp a Butterfly is a musical—a nonlinear, multiple-perspective, 79-minute Spike Lee joint on Broadway scored by Dr. Dre, George Clinton, and Flying Lotus. And though those three stars were in fact involved in the album's creation, it's the troupe of

not-quite-household-name producers and musicians—longtime collaborator Sounwave, the long-underappreciated R&B prodigy Bilal, and LA mainstays Terrace Martin and Thundercat—that suffuse both music and rapping with an infectious collective energy that recalls the feeling of *The Chronic* (though the two albums' intentions are very different).

Though it couldn't possibly be more timely, TPAB is not the sound of the #Black-LivesMatter movement. It is the sound of black life (lives, in fact, a whole bunch of

Kendrick has made the definitive statement in black music of this era.

them) mattering. And while it may damn well be a perfect album, it is not a perfect political statement. Neither was the album that I thought of when I gave TPAB a first and second listen—one of my ultimate favorites, Outkast's Aquemini. For example: Andre did kinda tell a woman to choke out another woman for making a pass at her on "Mamacita." There are the "evils" of Lucy—likely short for Lucifer (and not, I'm assuming, the Lucy's Drive In on West Pico)—on "Tammy's Song (Her Evils)." Pinning it all on the evils of women is the oldest trick in the oldest book. I know Kendrick believes in the Bible (you can see a copy on the cover of 2011's Section. 80), and I also believe that, like the guy depicted in its second half, he speaks only out of love.

I'll try to do the same regarding the troubling respectability politics that frame the ferocious single "The Blacker the Berry." Kendrick explicitly calls himself "the biggest hypocrite of 2015" for mourning Trayvon Martin despite having killed someone "blacker than me." But the man who killed Martin was acquitted in a court of law-while Kendrick, or whichever character that line is meant to be spoken by, likely would not be. In fact, the third verse of "These Walls" is directly spit to the black man rotting in a cell—who, unlike George Zimmerman, was "indicted, same night" for killing Kendrick's friend. "Black on black crime" is bullshit—most crimes, including murder, are intraracial—but I suspect Kendrick is speaking from his personal life experience, and is, like most folks, misinformed on the systemic roots of the violence in his community. More importantly, you never get the feeling that Kendrick is going to tell you racism is a thing of the past (like Kanye or ASAP Ferg have), or that black folks needed to "extend their hand in love" and "forget about the past" to fix it (as Selma soundtrack Grammy- and Oscar-winner Common fixed his face to say recently).

Despite the "perfect imperfections" (just to bite the style of CeeLo Green, as our MC himself does on "For Free?") in his lens, Kendrick has made the definitive statement in black music of this era—which, incidentally, is just about the only music of this era that's addressing the deepening ugliness of where we're all at in America. Not all of us can just "Shake It Off"—must be nice—but like Mama Badu told us back on Aquemini's "Liberation," we got to. We have to unburden ourselves of our load, because those backs, with "scars 'pon," have shouldered too much for way too long.

Just wait for the drop. \blacksquare



THE VERA PROJECT GETS NEW DIRECTOR

In a move that has excited many in Seattle's music community, the Vera Project has appointed Tim Lennon as executive director. He will start in that role in April. "I am honored and excited to be on board," Lennon told The Stranger. "Vera has been at the foundation of so much that is right and good with the town's arts and music scenes for as long as I've called Seattle home, and I'm really looking forward to helping continue and expand that legacy. Vera is a member-driven organization, so any changes or new policy directions will come from the members. I see my role as creating and sustaining as much space as possible for the members, board, and staff to continue the excellent work they've done to date, identify new possibilities, and tackle new issues—and have fun doing it!"

Lennon's most recent position has been with the Seattle Office of Arts & Culture, where he booked summer con-



certs and oversaw the Mayor's Arts Awards, public space arts installations, and other events. Lennon formerly served as program man-

ager for the Next 50 series that hailed the 1962 World's Fair's 50th anniversary, and his decade-plus of service in Seattle's arts scene also includes stints with One Reel, Elliott Bay Book Company, and the University of Washington. In January, he participated as a featured panelist at Vera's "Ferguson Seattle: Mobilizing Our Community" discussion on racial issues in this city. Vera will hold a reception to give the public a chance to meet Lennon on Thursday, April 9 at 8 p.m.

SEATTLE'S MIDDAY VEIL TO RELEASE NEW ALBUM WITH PSYCH-INCLINED BROOKLYN LABEL

The prodigiously talented Seattle rock group Midday Veil will be releasing their third album proper, *This Wilderness*, on Brooklyn indie label **Beyond Beyond**Is Beyond this summer on LP/CD/MP3. Produced at Avast! Recording Co. by Randall Dunn—who also worked on Midday Veil's excellent 2013 LP *The Current—This Wilderness* includes an incredible cast of guest musicians, including Parliament-Funkadelic keyboardist Bernie Worrell, Stranger Genius/string-instrument-master Eyvind Kang, percussionist Tor Dietrichson, and wild-card saxophonist Skerik.

Midday Veil have been playing these new tracks out at recent live events, and they reveal a band intelligently transforming their **lofty psych-rock elements** into a dazzling strain of cosmic disco that's at once joyous and portentous. "Stylistically, the sound is more electronic and upbeat than anything we've done previously, but it's still dramatic and intense (because, ha-ha, it's still us)," says Emily Pothast, the group's vocalist/lyricist/keyboardist.

"Lyrically, the songs on *This Wilderness* are a cycle that explores **the self-destructiveness implicit in the civilizing impulse**." Midday Veil's next performance is May 2 at the Tractor, opening for Rose Windows.



Visigoth The Revenant King



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NICK JOHNSON (L) looks pleased to see his cast-off LP is now owned by EarDr.Umz.

How Seattle Radio Legend Nick Johnson's Record **Collection Inspired** a New Generation of **Jazz Aficionados**

BY DAVE SEGAL

f you've spent any time riffling through the used vinyl bins at Seattle record stores, you've probably spotted the name Nick Johnson written boldly on the covers of jazz and avant-garde titles.

It turns up a lot. Some might view the signature as an egocentric form of vandalism. but serious fans of these genres know better—the name Nick Johnson has come to represent the stamp of quality. And bonus information: In addition to his name, Johnson also had a habit of annotating his records with

addenda—release date. song-by-song instrumencredits, etc.—that indicate the work of an obsessive historian. Or at least an obsessive. But if the scrawled signature, with its little squished infinity logo underneath, threatened to devalue the records for the resale market, the added facts and insights more than make up the difference.

Seattle crate-diggers, heads, and beat makers have been scooping up Nick Johnson-signed LPs for years—I have two: Weather Report's self-titled 1971 album and Airto's Fingersand wondering about the identity of the man behind the autograph.

So who is this Nick Johnson? He's a Seattle native now in his 70s and battling the debilities of old age: arthritis, bad back, hipreplacement surgery. He got seriously into music through his junior-high teacher, who

brought to class R&B 78s by mostly obscure black groups like Hank Ballard and the Midnighters. That spurred Johnson to explore blues and jazz and start buying records. His father (whom Johnson calls "hokey") was a square-dance caller with a collection of his own, 78s by Benny Goodman and other most-

> ly white swing bands. Johnson loved those, too. Then in the late '50s, he immersed himself in bebop, then newer jazz, abetted by the recordings of Norman Granz's Jazz at the Philharmonic concerts, which united older players with younger ones for jam sessions. His record collection mushroomed.

Johnson got his start

in radio while a creative-writing major at the University of Washington. Lorenzo Milam had started the educational, noncommercial KRAB 107.7 FM in 1962 (you can learn more about the station at krab.fm). The next year, Milam was seeking DJs to put on the air, and Johnson volunteered. At KRAB, he met Lowell Richards, who was hosting a jazz show. Richards took to borrowing Johnson's records—he'd already accumulated thousands. This led to Johnson getting his own late-night

show. His on-air handle was Captain Baltic, a nickname a friend bestowed on him during a druggy bender in the '60s, and from the sound of it, his broadcasts were a trip, too. He called the program Bumbling with Baltic—Jazz and Other Eccentricities.

"The late-night show would get pretty far out," Johnson says. "It was pretty eclectic. I would play something from the '30s and then

I would play Sun Ra or something like that, backto-back. Lenny Bruce, Lord Buckley, we mixed it all up. I used to fill up a big box with 250 or 300 records and start playing stuff. 'Oh, this one makes me want to play that one. bang bang bang. Oh, I should throw on some blues after that."

The selections were all based on his own whims

and taste. "Nobody told us what to play. [That sort of free-form philosophy] is kind of what ultimately did in KRAB. We had political shows, then we'd have Korean music, then jazz, then gospel. It jumped around so much. We had a lot of regular listeners, though. It was weird—after we went off the air, for several years I'd go down the street and I'd be talking to somebody and people would say, 'Oh, Captain Baltic!' They'd recognize my

Johnson laments the conservatism and one-dimensionality of most modern radio stations. KRAB, he says, "survived for a long time on donations from the public and

government grants and stuff, up until Nixon got into office and then the grants started trickling off. Every time the Republicans get into the White House, they chip more out of the budget."

KRAB After

folded in 1984, Johnson hosted jazz shows on KSER (both were owned by Jack Straw) and helped out with KBCS and KUOW, all while working in the accounting department for various shipyards and then as an estimator for Boeing. Johnson's jazz fandom also extended to festivals; he produced New City New Jazz, the precursor to Earshot, in the late 1970s and early '80s.

Johnson got out of the jazz radio DJ game in the late '80s. "It wasn't a paying job," he explains. "Up until 10 years ago, I was working

[a day job], so I'd be up late at night and have to get up to go to work... As you get older, that kind of lifestyle wears you out."

As it does to many record collectors, the time came when circumstances forced him to downsize. Johnson and his wife had been living in the same Queen Anne home for 43 vears and their arthritis made using the stairs

difficult. They wanted to move, but the huge collection needed to be culled before that could happen. So in the early '00s, Johnson started selling off his most valuable items, beginning with the 10-inch records, then moving on to the 12-inch LPs. Eventually, about 5,000 pieces made their way to Easy Street's and other Seattle record stores' used bins. Don't worry—Johnson digitized everything onto four terabyte-capacity hard drives.

Johnson has never earned a penny for all his years working in radio, although he admits he did receive some free records and T-shirts—and he had the thrill of interviewing many of his heroes in the studio. But you sense he doesn't care about the lack of financial reward. His enthusiasm for the music is still infectious, in several senses. After years of enriching the collections of local heads, Johnson's castoffs have begun to show up in new mixes by enterprising DJs. The Nick Johnson

> $\it EP, Vol.~1$ is a collaboration between Seattle producer EarDr.Umz—aka Geoff C. Hartkopf-and his Tokyobased partner T-Bone Steak, sourced mainly from records formerly owned by Johnson (they found them at Everyday Music and the now-closed Queen Anne branch of Easy Street Records from 2004 to 2013). The eight tracks recall the jaunty, so-

phisticated, jazz-inflected hiphop of artists like Madlib and Mr. Scruff, and the EP is available at eardrumz the metrog nome. band camp. com.

Vi Tranchemontagne, a buyer at Easy Street when Johnson began selling his collection, ended up purchasing nearly 200 of Johnson's treasures for himself. Tranchemontagne now hosts the weekly jazz brunch at Revolver Bar, one of the few such DJ events happening in Seattle. At the beginning of "Riff" on EarDr.Umz's EP, there's a recording of an Easy Street clerk saying, "For a while, our whole jazz section said 'Nick Johnson,"

The infamous signature, which began as

a way for Johnson to distinguish his records from those of the radio stations where he worked, has become a trademark. signifying a particular kind of life's work. It's also funny. Hartkopf spotted a "Nick Johnson" on Buddy

Miles's teeth on We Got to Live Together and another emblazoned on a wiener on Lou Donaldson's Hot Dog. Hartkopf has more than 100 Nick Johnson records in his crates and he promises several more EPs bearing samples from them. He and T-Bone were "pretty much buying anything we saw with Nick's name on it, for a time. They just kept popping up. Everything we'd pull out that caught our eye, it would be a Nick Johnson record. This was weird-it was like he was following us. It was kind of an inside joke, and we kept go-

> ing with it. Once [Queen Anne] Easy Street unfortunately closed its doors, we felt it was a good time to share it with everybody. We've got tons more that we can do. Hopefully. it'll come full circle and we can get the Nick Johnson EP on record."

> For the record, Johnson thinks his namesake EP is "interesting." In an e-mail to Hartkopf, he

wrote, "If my joints weren't so old and bad I'd probably be up dancing instead of sitting here tapping my feet and mentally swinging. The old days at KRAB were really an experience, and I'm grateful whenever someone does anything to revive the memory. Keep on doin' it, because you might get a new generation to dig this old stuff, albeit in a new wav." ■



After years of

enriching collections,

Johnson's cast-off vinyl has

begun to show up in mixes

by enterprising DJs.

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Meet Fantasy A, the Rapper/Writer **Whose Flyers Are All Over Town**

A Short Visit with an Enigmatic Artist BY JASON JOSEPHES

▶ urely you've seen the flyers—as far south as Renton and as If ar north as Shoreline. Eight and a half by 11 inches. Plain white paper. Sometimes a serif font, sometimes Arial Rounded. Up

He says his name is Alexander Hubbard, but his stage name is Fantasy A.

I know I'm not the only one who saw these flyers and wondered: Who is this Fantasy A?

According to the (many) words below his picture, he's a "22-year-old hip-hop artist, self-published author, songwriter, and beat maker." An advertisement promoting his second full-length release (of three) explains, "It's about the things I do for fun and other things I was dealing with in life. It's available on iTunes." He also records holiday songs. Halloween, Christmas, Valentine's Day. March's handbill bragged that "Fantasy Has Gone Irish-Green," for Saint Patrick's Day. "It's about how I really love to wear green and think about gold."

Each poster concludes with his motto: "Be inspired, be yourself, and be respectful!" The questions multiplied. I asked some friends whether they thought he was for real. Chuckling, they praised his determination, his energy, and his heart. "He really wants people to treat each other nicely," one said.

Following the links on his flyers leads to the obvious conclusion that Fantasy A is not your average hustler-nor does he appear to be a secret genius outsider artist. His (many, many) YouTube clips spill over with hype, but it's often hard to understand what Hubbard is saying in them. They feature him outdoors at recognizable locations, like Kerry Park or the Fremont Troll, where his fast, passionate patter is drowned out by street noise or a harsh wind blowing across the camera's microphone. In other clips, an overdubbed backing track is mixed so high as to overwhelm his narration.

And then there's the music, where my friends' praise for Hubbard's promotional efforts rightfully hit the wall. In terms of both production and artistry,

I know I'm not the only

one who saw these

flyers and wondered:

Who is this Fantasy A?

the songs sound exactly like the flyers would lead you to expect them to. Hubbard is very up-front about his "autism which [is] called Asperger's syndrome," and there's no deny-

ing that the knowledge of the condition both clarifies and complicates the experience of hearing his music.

Through all this, I remained fascinated by the man on the flyers. So I invited him to coffee. He accepted, with the caveat that he could only meet midafternoon. ("I have to be home early before dark," he explained via e-mail, "because my mom will be worried the bus will stop running after 9 pm.") We met at Caffe Vita for what wound up being a short conversation, about 20 minutes. Hubbard's physical presence is big and extremely bright, with high-beam eye contact. Words

top, a small picture of a young, smiling man. spilled out of his mouth quickly, often too quickly for me to keep up with what he was saying-sentences would blast off, then meander. We didn't communicate terribly well with each other, but he seemed eager to be listened to. Like everyone.

He told me about his first taste of creating hiphop in 2010, rapping as part of a student project at the Center School at Seattle Center, where he and some other students made a CD. That was where he



FANTASY A Not your average hustler.

came up with the Fantasy A moniker. "I just made it up myself," he explained. "It reminds me of magic."

In October of 2013, he started making his own recordings as both expression and therapy. "When I had a bad day, I would write some things down in my journal. And based on that, I'd make it into a song, you know?"

Hubbard has written three books: an autobiography and two sci-fi/fantasy novels. His

latest novel is set in a postapocalyptic Seattle where the male population has been wiped out except for his three friends. That one is called Life in the World of Gabe Fabens and Sage the Scholar. He

works as a concession-stand cashier at CenturyLink and Safeco Fields during games, and as an AV assistant at Microsoft.

As for criticism, he is unfazed. "If they think my music is terrible," he said of potential listeners who don't find his work sophisticated enough, "it's best that I'll ignore them, as they're not into my stuff. What keeps me going is supporting my family and friends-writing more novels and music." ■

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BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Twee want the funk?

Belle and Sebastian's Dance-Funk Transformation

Stuart Murdoch Talks Eurovision, Chronic Fatigue, and the Allure of the ATL

BY TRENT MOORMAN

or their ninth album, Girls in Peacetime Want to Dance, Glasgow's Belle and Sebastian veer from their twee refuge into a groove, dance, and funk affair. Producer Ben Allen (Animal Collective, Gnarls Barkley) appears to have pushed the band's book nook onto a dance floor and cranked

Belle and Sebastian w/Perfume Genius Tues April 7, Paramount, 8 pm, \$41.25, all ages

up the Funkadelic and M83. P-Funk as tweefunk? There, I said it. The band

used the Eurovision Song Contest, ground zero of European pop, as inspiration, trying to write songs that could pass for entries from throughout the contest's history—like the Morocco song from 1981, or Sweden's from 1988. The result is both disparate and unified. As Belle and Sebastian begin their latest tour, singer/dean Stuart Murdoch is doing battle with chronic fatigue syndrome. When we spoke, he was walking around Central Park in New York City.

What is the status of your chronic fatigue syndrome? It's absolutely ongoing. It's the biggest pain in the ass [laughs]. I can't believe, after all these years, it's raised its head again in the last couple of years. Every time I go out on tour, it's a little bit of a leap of faith whether I'm going to get through it. It's worth it, though. If I save up my energy for the shows, it's such a pleasurable feeling to be able to play shows. I think I'd be way more depressed if I had to give it all up.

What enables you to get through it? $It'\!\,\mathrm{s}$ basically conservation of energy. When I'm on tour, and when I'm at home, I meditate. I use a lot of Chinese medicine. I take extremely long baths. It's a very slow lifestyle. I pray a lot, to be honest. I'm praying all the time when things are going badly for the grace to be able to get through the day.

Do you remember your dreams? I had a disturbed night last night, because I was preoccupied about needing to be up to travel. If we're about to be on tour, I'll dream about being onstage with the group. The keyboard will turn into a jellyfish, and I can't remember any of the words for the songs. General anxiety dreams.

I love the Eurovision Song Contest aspect of the new album. Contextualization to a place and time, it's such an interesting way to get a song going. It was a nice

jumping-off point. Sometimes we use these things as exercises to get us into an LP. But some of these songs made it through with that Eurovision atmosphere intact. They wouldn't have gotten into the actual competition,

but maybe it's our take on the competition. I truly love the ritual of the Eurovision contest.

What's a song where the Eurovision vibe remained intact? What country was it an entry for? What year? "Everlasting Muse" is one. And probably to an extent "Enter Sylvia Plath" is pretty Euro as well. I'd say Romania in 1973.

When you sing, your voice always sounds so goddamn demure and scholarly. Where does that come from? It's funny, I don't tend to consider my singing much. I almost don't consider myself a singer. I use my voice rather self-centeredly in the simplest way that I can, and I don't stretch myself too much. There's not much thought put into it. But maybe, in a

sense, it's a direct extension of my thoughts and what's going on in my life. It's pretty artless, there's nothing much hidden there.

It's a subconscious thing. I hear your voice, and I feel calmer. And then my IQ increases. That's nice of you to say. If it is calming, that's an achievement. When I started the group, I was very keen to make a connection with people that I was unable to meet physically because of the situation I was in. I always imagined the kind of people I wanted to talk to, and meet, and warn about some of the pitfalls and perils of early life [laughs]. In a way, I thought of our records as being a one-way psychiatric conversation.

You recorded in Atlanta. What did you think of the city? Did you visit 2 Chainz? I loved $\operatorname{At-}$ lanta. I was thinking about it today, like half an hour ago. It was about a year ago when we showed up in that city to make this record and started on our Atlanta adventure. We didn't visit with 2 Chainz. I wasn't happy when I arrived there because I was struggling with a lot of issues, mostly health issues. I told Stevie Jackson I hoped that the LP was going to be a therapeutic process. The people there are warm, the air was warm, and I think the city itself helped nurture me back to some sort of health.

The Atlanta accent is slightly different from your Scottish accent. What Southern sayings did you pick up? You're practically a redneck now, right? Oh yeah, at the time we were talking like we were real Southern gentlemen. I liked that the engineer would call any kind of animals-dogs, cats, rats, pigeonshe'd call them all "critters." The main thing was "y'all." I kept the y'all thing going all the way through the Glasgow summer. People looked at me funny, but it's a useful and familiar phrase.

Did you eat grits? I didn't eat any grits, I don't think. Is that pork?

No. grits is crushed corn, sort of like a salty porridge. Grits get a bad rap-you have to eat 'em when they're warm. Oh yeah, now I remember. You know, I didn't fancy grits very much [laughs]. But we did eat foods like catfish and collard greens.

Did the dance, funk, and disco presence on the new album come from Ben Allen. or was that Atlanta? There's some nastiness happening on "The Party Line." ${\rm It} \ was$ definitely in the water. I mean, it was coming along anyway from us and from Glasgow. The songs were all worked out, but Atlanta brought it out. We had to go find Ben Allen,

> we'd hunted him out. We needed that sound, or else it probably would have sounded more like a regular Belle and Sebastian record. Ben really saw this thing through and took it to its correct conclusion. It's tricky. We're kind of

just a rock 'n' roll band, a guitar band.

"I almost don't

consider myself a

singer. I don't stretch

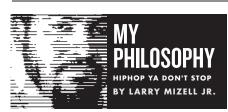
myself too much."

Did Ben lock you all in a room and make you listen to hours of Parliament-Funkadelic? Thankfully we weren't so bad he had to lock us in a room to study Parliament, but he certainly put us through our paces. He stood over the drummer and worked him pretty hard. And he had to do it. I think it helped as well that we had a new bass player for this album, Dave McGowan, who played phenomenal bass lines. Because if you have solid drumming, it's the bass that provides the groove. It's the bass that makes you dance like crazy. ■

If You're Feeling Sinister at

THESTRANGER.COM/MUSIC

NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM



NEW SOUNDS FROM RAZ SIMONE, EARL SWEATSHIRT, AND FUTURE

I know that **Kendrick** wasn't the first rapper this year to repurpose an old **Tupac** interview to great effect—that would be **Raz Simone**, on the song "Drake & Macklemore's Platform." Raz, not letting up on his prolific push for 2015, recently bounced right back with "That Ain't Love," a catchy new single featuring assists from Tacoma's **Leezy** (no more Soprano) and no less a personage than GOOD Music's cokerap Clipse alumnus **Pusha T**. While Leezy comes with a star-making verse, Push honestly comes half-power—while Raz drops bows from the jump, declaring that "**Sir Mix-A-Lot** never did shit for me" (a phrase



that could basically be on the state flag at this point) and that Seattle is too concerned with being politically correct. Yeah, we're like that. That said, Raz is

hanging with big-league product without breaking much of a sweat—and he's only getting colder. You should be interested in watching what this guy does this year.

Keeping with this delightful wave of great new records sneakily dropped out of nowhere, **Earl Sweatshirt** just gave the world the 10-track, 30-minute album I Don't Like Shit, I Don't Go Outside—a cross-generational rallying cry if I ever heard one. It appears that 2015 Earl is even more preternaturally pissed-off and alienated than before, but he hasn't lost a lick when it comes to the vivid wordplay. I can't front and say I was on it from the gate—maybe it's the diet-bass, washedout SoundCloud wallpaper passing for production, or just the sound of young'uns being way too grouchy for their age—but this release left me pretty cold at first. On the second pass, I was hooked. Don't Go Outside is a subtle mood piece that further cements Earl as not just the **Odd Future** torchbearer, but one of the primary pantheon of young rappers we're blessed to be privy to in this year of our lord.

Future is continuing his own prolific streak this year with his latest tape, 56 Nights, his strongest work since 2014's LP Honest. If you love modern ATL rap's alchemy of a brutally limited sonic palette of sounds (trap drums, synth lines, the clinking of jewelry in the booth) and subject matter (drugs, money, your bitch) with no-ceilings extraterrestrial vocal experimentation, then you probably already downloaded and turnt-north to this. "All that old shit y'all niggas still doing, dog, I'm over it."

If that last graph gives you hives, you will almost certainly want to see the Chocolate Boy Wonder Pete Rock (to be heard scratching and going "Two step!" on Kendrick's "Complexion (A Zulu Love)") and Detroit survivors Slum Village touch down at Neumos on Wednesday, April 1, with PDX native/NYC conquistador Hanif, Mic Flont with the X Presidents (aka certified spitter Ka.Lil's newest project since relocating to Vancouver), and the OTOW collective. Or, keep your weed socks clean for Action Bronson and Alchemist at the Neptune on Friday, April 3. I want you to be happy. ■









UP&COMING

Lose your boozed-up bacchanals every night this week!

For the full music calendar, see page 45 or visit thestranger.com/music

Wednesday 4/1

Pete Rock, Slum Village, HANiF

(Neumos) You say I am repeating. Something I have said before. I shall say it again. I shall. I rate Pete Rock as the third greatest producer in the history of hiphop. First is, of course, RZA, second is DJ Premier, and fourth is J Dilla. But what makes Pete Rock truly exceptional in the A-list of beat creators is that he can not only produce but also rap. CL Smooth, his partner on the groundbreaking album Mecca and the Soul Brother (1992), once boasted that no one but him ever did it better (rapping) on a "Pete Rock track." But I could argue with some confidence and evidence that really no one ever threw down on a Pete Rock beat better than Pete Rock himself. **CHARLES MUDEDE**

The Sonics

(Sonic Boom Records) It only took 49 years for Tacoma garage-punk legends the Sonics to follow up their last album, Boom. Is This Is the Sonics worth the wait? If you're a fan of their cut-to-thechase style of hip-shaking, head-swiveling rock that reached its apex in the mid-'60s, then yes. The new Sonics album contains 12 songs that replicate what they do best: high-energy, primal, raunchy-riffed rock for boozed-up bacchanals. The new shoutintensive songs hit you with the immediacy of teguila shots, proving these geezers have aged shockingly well. It should be a blast to hear the Sonics boom in Sonic Boom, for the reasonable price of \$0,

as they warm up for Thursday's show at the Moore. Plus, there'll be limited-edition Sonics T-shirts for sale, with proceeds going to the Vera Project. DAVE SEGAL

IEFF the Brotherhood, Bully

(Crocodile) JEFF the Brotherhood couldn't be more stoked to be dropped from their major label. On releasing their newest record on their family label, Infinity Cat, the Nashville rockers issued an exuberant kiss-off statement full of exclamation points celebrating their release from what they call "the clutches of the demented vulture that is Warner Bros." The album, Wasted on the Dream, is another hook-filled heavy-rock rager from the prolific brothers, who started as a two-piece but have since grown into a fist-pumping four-piece. These songs are the soundtrack for teens being bad in the movies, driving through the suburbs, and gleefully knocking off mailboxes with baseball bats. Their tourmates, fellow Nashville breakouts Bully, are the project of songwriter Alicia Bognanno, who howls and coos like a more melodic Kat Bjelland over J Mascis-influenced guitar rock. **ROBIN EDWARDS**

Thursday 4/2

The Sonics, Mudhoney

(Moore) Against the odds, Mudhoney still matter. Like aging track stars still busting out fourminute miles, these gr*ng* provocateurs make the most convincing case for that movement's rel-



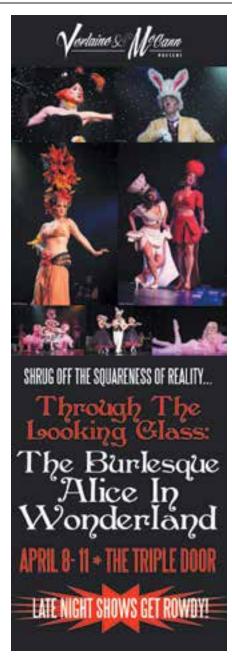
JEFF THE BROTHERHOOD Stoked. Wed April 1 at Crocodile.

evance in 2015. Mudhoney's music has not undergone any radical overhauls or swerved through any strange tangents; rather, it's subtly become more refined. It grinds and pummels almost as hard as it did during the group's heyday a quarter century ago, and Mark Arm still spits with as much lyrical venom and humor as he did in the late '80s/early '90s. They may not have any more hell-with-the-lidoff anthems like "Touch Me I'm Sick" left in their system, but their last full-length, 2013's Vanishing Point, is stronger than any eighth album in 24 years has a right to be. Mudhoney simply have this gift especially live. DAVE SEGAL

Gladys Knight

(Snoqualmie Casino) Did you know that Gladys Knight now leads the Saints Unified Voices choir for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints? Indeed, the post-Pips career of Ms. Knight is likely something of a mystery to those whose attention waned after the band broke up in the mid '70s. No matter: Chances are, tonight's set will draw heavily from that hit-heavy period of soul goodness, music so essential, warm, and comforting, it belongs in the same category as syrupy waffles and a kiss from Ma, along with scattered hits from her lengthy solo career. The Empress of Soul will see you now. **KYLE FLECK**







Terminal Fuzz Terror, Denney Joints, Dynamite Nugget

(Blue Moon) I binge-watched so many Alejandro Jodorowsky films last week-El Topo, The Holy Mountain, Santa Sangre, and the newest documentary, Jodorowsky's Dune. In several scenes of Dune, Jodorowsky punctuates one of his thoughts with a super-zealous exclamation: "It opens dee mind!" The Chilean filmmaker and spiritual guru has spent a lifetime opening minds and stretching the limits of human consciousness. I feel like Seattle band Terminal Fuzz Terror are on a similar trajectory. Their exploratory psychedelia sometimes drifts into the format of 10- to 20-minute songs—tracks that make your own mind wander in a fuzzy, circular pattern—never stopping too long for you to worry or self-criticize, but just long enough to slip, for a couple seconds, into the terrifying world of your unconscious. KELLY O

Friday 4/3

Magma

(Crocodile) Really, this is likely a once-in-a-lifetime chance to witness the mad spectacle that is a Magma live performance. The French group has created their own manic-oppressively fucked-up universe. Following bizarre orders from powerhouse drummer/vocalist/language inventor Christian Vander, they've been honing their kinetic, ornate extremism for 45 years. Expect all eight members of the current lineup to be tight as hell, as Vander doesn't seem like the kind of alpha male to tolerate slack. Magma's fusion of flamboyant prog rock, bombastic opera, late-era John Coltrane worship, and even gospel on the self-explanatory anomaly "Spiritual" makes for a diabolically distinctive experience. Miss this show and cry forever.

Yonatan Gat, Calvin Johnson, Jason Webley, Kinski

(El Corazon) Any chance to see hermetic K Records founder and Detroit Lions wide receiver Calvin Johnson in the flesh should be taken advantage of. This show has the added bonuses of a solid back



MONOPHONICS Psychedelic soul. Fri April 3 at Nectar.

bench and a damned fine headliner. Master guitarist Yonatan Gat got his start in Monotonix, a postgarage Tel Aviv unit whose shows tended to bewilder and delight with the sheer, punishing brutality of the sound. Striking out on his own, Gat's refined the template while tempering the ferocity with intriguing world-music motifs and the hiring of a taut, funky band. His new album, *Director*, builds on his previous *Iberian Passage* EP and gives new, astral pop projections to his sound on tracks like "Casino Cafe." Chances are the preferred intake remains the live setting for these burly, heady sounds. **KYLE FLECK**

Ages and Ages, Zebra Hunt, Ruler

(Barboza) Indie-pop bands influenced by the catalog of famed New Zealand label Flying Nun have some big shoes to fill when trying to achieve the sounds made popular by label kings the Clean or the Chills. Seattle trio Zebra Hunt must have some big feet. Their just-released LP *City Sighs* offers 12 fresh takes on hooky songcraft, packing punchy and urgent rhythms with harmonic and lyrical smartness seldom heard on this side of the Pacific. There's a studied and calculated looseness applied to their head-bobbing tempos, with references to lauded foreign film directors that any cinephile can appre-

ciate. The fact that lead singer and guitarist Robert Mercer possesses a vocal tone eerily similar to his brother James (of the Shins) is just icing on the cake. Hit up Barboza early tonight to hear a song or 10 that could change your life. **TRAVIS RITTER**

Monophonics, Eldridge Gravy and the Court Supreme, Gene Washington and the Ironsides

(Nectar) San Francisco quintet Monophonics hark back to '60s psychedelic soul with sincere passion and enviable skill for homaging period details. For this type of thing to be successful in the 21st century, an emotive singer with range and personal-

Magma have created their own manic-oppressively fucked-up universe.

ity is mandatory, and Monophonics' Kelly Finnigan possesses the vocal goods. As heard on the band's new album, *Sound of Sinning*, his blue-eyed-soul belting lands in the golden mean between smooth and gritty. The music's tradition-bound, but not stodgy about it: The filtered flute shredding on "Hanging On" is a tradition worth resurrecting, but too few modern artists attempt it. With their lyrical emphasis on love and rich, spacious sound, Monophonics are primed to become popular with romance-minded couples. While this approach can come off as cheesy, Monophonics do it with class and conviction. **DAVE SEGAL**

Saturday 4/4

Twerps, Lures, Zebra Hunt

(Sunset) A quartet from Melbourne, Australia, Twerps have a knack for selling themselves short. First, they describe their music as "janky pop," which sounds like soda that's been left out in the sun, and second, there's their name, which sounds like shorthand for "pipsqueaks with more attitude





















4/1 WEDNESDAY

EVENT LISTINGS AT

WWW.CHOPSUEY.COM



KEXP & The Crocodile Present: **JEFF the Brotherhood**

Bully, WIMPS All Aaes

4/2 **THURSDAY**



107.7 The Fnd & The Crocodile Present::

CHOPSUEYSEATTLE CHOPSUEY.SEATTLE CHOPSUEYSEATTLE

Saint Motel Finish Ticket All Ages

4/3 **FRIDAY**



The Stranger & The Crocodile Present:

Magma All Ages

4/4 **SATURDAY**



Elliott Brood Shelby Earl, Car Seat Headrest

4/8 WEDNESDAY

The Crocodile Presents:: **Disappears @ The Sunset**

4/8 WEDNESDAY



Red Bull Sound Select Presents::

Gardens & Villa Shana Cleveland and The Sandcastles, BellaMaine, Vox Mod All Ages -- \$3 w/ RSVP









DEV



Sun 6/28 HEDWIG & THE ANGRY INCH (THE LIVE STAGE MUSICAL!)

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SOULECTION SHOWCASE FEAT. ESTA / IAMNOBODI 4/10 PASSAFIRE 4/11 BAKERMAT 4/15 KYLE DUNNIGAN 4/16 ALLEN STONE 4/17 LYRICS BORN @ NECTAR LOUNGE 4/17 BOOMBOX 4/18 DEAD MILKMEN 4/19 DUBBLE DUTCH @ LO-FI 4/21 SAMMY ADAMS 4/22 POLARIS 4/23 BIG DATA 4/24 GHETTO YOUTHS 4/24 KODAK TO GRAPH @ THE SUNSET 4/25 GOVINDA & FILIBUSTA

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Tomorrow's Tulips, Tarek Wegner, Scott Yoder

them half a chance. KATHY FENNESSY

(Lo-Fi) Hailing from Orange County's coolest city, Costa Mesa (sorry, Fullerton), Tomorrow's Tulips bring you the lank, jangly thrills of 21st-century slacker rock. Falling somewhere among shoegaze, garage, and psych rock, Tomorrow's Tulips' music makes Brian Jonestown Massacre's seem tight. Thankfully, TTs' ramshackle approach to hazy me-

The Rutabega's catchy Built to Spill–like riffs offset the near Elliott Smith–level sadness.

lodicism comes off charming as hell, like if the Jesus and Mary Chain recorded for that epitome of '80s indie-rock tweeness, Sarah Records. Sometimes sounding like you're hardly trying is the perfect strategy. Tarek Wegner used to play bass for Seattle psych-garage hotshots Night Beats, but the only track of his I could find online suggests he's gone off on a lo-fi, loner-folk tangent. And that's pretty cool. **DAVE SEGAL**

The Rutabega, the Bismarck, Chung Antique

(Victory Lounge) South Bend, Indiana's the Rutabega make some of the saddest music I've ever heard. Their fiercely Midwestern emo is rife with string embellishments, sad-bastard-core vocals, and con-



BELLE AND SEBASTIAN Want to dance. Tues April 7 at Paramount.

fessional lyrics plucked straight out of a journal. But the result is seamless: Their catchy Built to Spill–like riffs offset the near Elliott Smith–level sadness, and their lush, dreamy guitar interludes are charmingly earnest and even majestic at times. Seattle by way of North Dakota freak-rock favorites the Bismarck will be bringing their own driving Midwestern rock aesthetic to this pint-size Eastlake bar, while local post/math-rock trio Chung Antique will provide their endlessly jammable, '90s-indebted rhythmic arithmetic, which soothes and surprises with equal intensity. RIYL: Don Caballero, Unwound, cats wearing sweaters. **BRITTNIE FULLER**

Sunday 4/5

Ibevi

(Neumos) Are Ibeyi the French Cuban Björk? Well, they're not quite that quirky or as well-connected to some of the world's greatest electronic-music producers, but the Díaz twins (percussionist/vocalist Naomi and pianist/vocalist Lisa-Kaindé) show similar skewed inclinations as Iceland's most famous musical export (Björk is still bigger than Sigur Rós, right?). On their self-titled 2015 debut album for XL Recordings, Ibeyi favor strange meters, stark beats, unison

chants, and melodies that sometimes shimmer into the ether in odd ways. And other times Ibeyi simply sound like Starbucks-tronica—kind of innocuous and conventional. Fortunately, they mostly elude blandness and achieve a deceptively off-kilter species of torch-singer triphop. **DAVE SEGAL**

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Monday 4/6

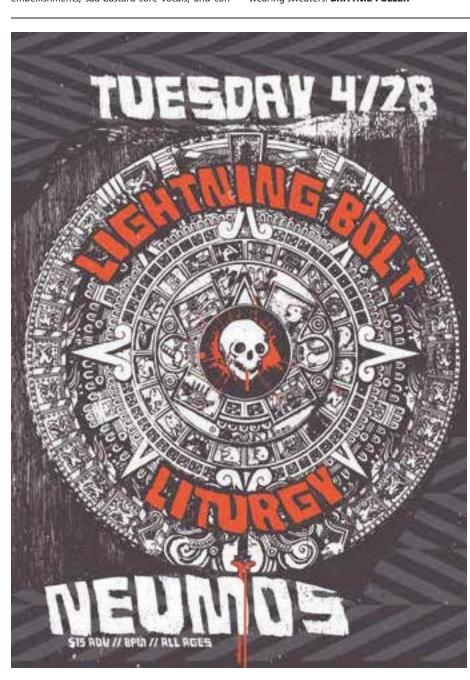
Stromae

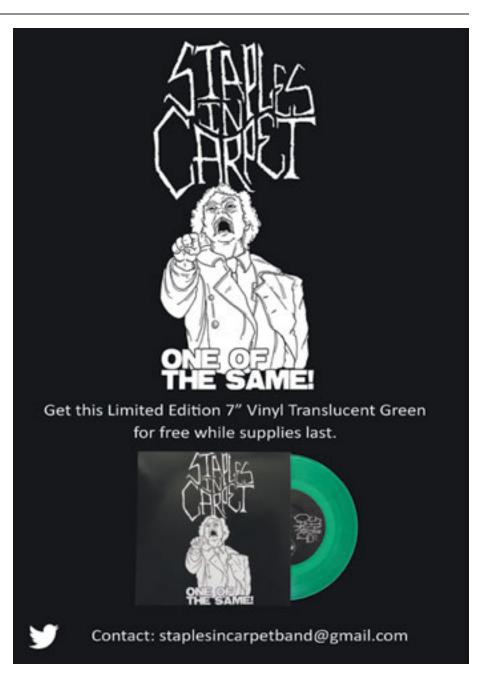
(Showbox Sodo) Stromae is basically Belgium's Lady Gaga: an unabashed nostalgist with a heavy dose of Euro-pop theatrics and a knack for eyecatching visuals. The fact that you've probably never heard of him says more about American isolationism than lack of star power: His tracks "Alors on Danse" and "Ta Fête" could both move serious butt in any club you put them in, all trashy synths and throwback house moves (both also have well into the tens of millions of views on YouTube). All of which is a roundabout way of saying: If you want a quick hit of the Continent and the chance to see a Gaga-level performer in the intimacy of a club, put on your sunglasses at night and get down to Sodo. **KYLE FLECK**

Tuesday 4/7

Belle and Sebastian, Perfume Genius

(Paramount) Reigning twee champions Belle and Sebastian's new record. Girls in Peacetime Want to Dance, is that classic maneuver of a midlate-career band looking to "reinvent," the primary differences here being lead Belle Stuart Murdoch probably wasn't pressured into it by label bigwigs, and the results are nothing close to a disaster. Sure, the idea of B&S making a "dance" record would have seemed preposterous back in their heartsick heyday, but what the world needs these days isn't another sincere, bookish singer-songwriter, rather, a sincere, bookish, funk-minded bandleader. Murdoch's also revealed a latent political bent, learning what Curtis Mayfield and David Byrne learned before him: Lead with the ass and the head will follow. KYLE FLECK









925 E. PIKE STREET, SEATTLE, WA NEUMOS.COM THEBARBOZA.COM

THURSDAY 4/2

JEREMY ENIGK

JEN WOOD + MARK NICHOLS AND THE EVEREXPANDING EXPERIENCE MACHINE

SATURDAY 4/4 LA LUZ

WILL SPROTT + THE SHIVAS

SUNDAY 4/5 **IBEYI**

FLO MORRISSEY

THURSDAY 4/9 THE HOOKY'S + ONE DROP

AYO DOT AND THE UPPERCUTS
+ SCALESOFJUSTIS

FRIDAY 4/10
BOOTIE SEATTLE: 80s vs. 90s **MASHUP NIGHT!**

FT. MYSTERIOUS D (OF A PLUS D SAN FRANCISCO) + DJ FREDDY + KING OF PANTS + DJ DESTRUKT

SUNDAY 4/12 QUESTLOVE DJ SET

DJ100PR00F + DJ ROY [R00HA]

TUESDAY 4/14 **GRAMMY WINNER ROBERT GLASPER EXPERIMENT**

THEORETICS + DJ TOPSPIN

WEDNESDAY 4/15 DAVID CHOI TESS HENLEY

SATURDAY 4/18 "LOCALS ONLY" FT. BROTHERS FROM **ANOTHER**

THURSDAY 4/2 MICHAL MENERT

PAUL BASIC + WILLDABEAST + HZ DONUT

FRIDAY 4/3

AGES AND AGES

ZEBRA HUNT + RULER

SATURDAY 4/4 СОНО **EP RELEASE SHOW**

PLANES ON PAPER + THE PRO-NOUNS

THURSDAY 4/9 THE SHRINE

DIRTY FENCES

WEEKLY FRIDAY & SATURDAY DANCE NIGHTS FROM 10:30PM TO CLOSE

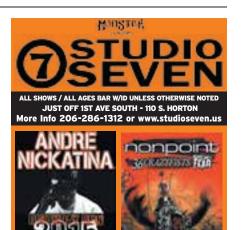
COMING UP

4/1 Pete Rock + Slum Village • 4/1 Satin Jackets • 4/8 IAMSU • 4/11 His Name is Alive • 4/12 The Certified Outfit • 4/16 Erik Blood + • 4/17 Alien Stone • 4/18 AC + General Mojo's Key Project • 4/19 The Relationship • 4/22 Warrior King • 4/22 Acid Mothers Temple • 4/23 Sapient • 4/24 Shlohmo • 4/24 The Soft Moon • 4/25 Clark + Nosaj Thing • 4/25 VibraGun • 4/27 Big Gipp • 4/28 Lightning





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/4 WINDOWPANE 4/12 TWISTED INSANE 6 yr. Party 4/22 Silent Plane 4/25 DOTRO 4/28 I DECLARE WAR 5/9 TWIZTED 5/12 DOG ASHION DISCO 5/15 THE REZILLOS, KID CONGO 5/17 THE Onvalescence 5/28 Girlschool / Piston Ready 5/31 Obra & Lotus / Romantic Rebels 6/4 Tony Macapline

ALL EVENT TICKETS AVAILABLE THRU www.etix.com and studio 7 box office

DRUNK OF THE WEEK ... BELOW THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA... 46 DATA BREAKER...48 POSTER OF THE WEEK...49

WED 4/1 LIVE

88 KEYS Musicians' Jam: Jens Gunnoe, guests, 8 pm, free

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

BARBOZA Satin Jackets Touch Tone, DJ Swervey 8 pm, \$12

COLUMBIA CITY THEATER The Grahams, 8:30 pm, \$10 O C&P COFFEE COMPANY Jim Page, 7 pm, free

★ CROCODILE Jeff The rotherhood, Bully, 8 pm, \$12

DARRELL'S TAVERN Open Mic: Guests, 9 pm, free

Q EL CORAZON Kevin ds, 8 pm, \$8/\$10 O FIX COFFEEHOUSE Open

Mic: Guests, 7 pm, free HIGHLINE Mister Master, Cradleman, the Absent Light, 9 pm, \$7

LO-FI Honey Moon Tree, Annie Girl & the Flight, quests

Unite-One, the Lights,

auests, 8 pm, \$5 ★ **NEUMOS** Pete Rock and Slum Village, HANiF, guests, 8 pm. \$20

OWL N'THISTLE Hot Damn Scandal, Intuitive Compass, Ayron Jones, guests, 9

PARAGON Two Buck Chuck SEAMONSTER Cuicani, 7:30 pm. free

THE SHOWBOX Dark Star Orchestra, 8 pm, \$25/\$30 SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB Open Mic: Guest

★ ② SONIC BOOM RECORDS The Sonics 7:30

sunset tavern Mariko Ruhle, Be Calm Honcho Chris King & the Gutterb 9 pm, \$8

TRACTOR TAVERN Whitehorse, the We Secrets, 9 pm, \$11

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE JP Hennessy, 8:30 pm, free

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THE TRIFFLE BOOK
THEATER Mycle Wastman,
Cassidy Huff, Levi Ware, 7:30 pm, \$23/\$26

★ ② VERA PROJECT Cherry Glazerr, Sunflower Bean, the

Buttertones, 7:30 pm, \$10

BRASS TACKS Don't Move, 6 pm. free

O THE ROYAL ROOM The Royal Ramble, 7 pm

● TULA'S Bethany Smith-Staelens Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$10; Tatum Greenblat Quintet, 7:30 pm, \$20

VITO'S RESTAURANT & OUNGE Michael Owcharuk, 9 pm, free

BALTIC ROOM Bullocks:

CHOP SUEY BYOV: Guests.

CONOR BYRNE Rainier Soul Sounds: Cameron Elliot. DJ Bekah Zietz, 9 pm, free CONTOUR NuDisco, guests, 10 pm

* CORBU LOUNGE Paul Edge, Zacharia, Roman Zawodny, 10 pm, free before 10:30 pm. \$5 after FOUNDATION Substance Wednesdays: Guests HAVANA SoulShift: Peter Evans, Devlin Jenkins, Richard Everhard, \$1

NEIGHBOURS Pulse: DJ Trent Von. DJ Dirty Bit PONY He's a Rebel: Guests o **NIGHTCLUB** Hayden nes, 9 pm, \$10

CLASSICAL

@ BENAROYA HALL London Symphony Orchestra 7:30 pm

THURS 4/2

LIVE

AOUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben

BARBOZA Michal Menert. Paul Basic Willdaheast H7 Donut, 8 pm, \$12

O BLACK LODGE Bad Future. Catholic Guilt. auests. 8:30 pm

BLUE MOON TAVERN Terminal Fuzz Terror, Denney Joints, Dynamite Nugget, 9 pm, \$5

CENTRAL SALOON Lisa Legros

CHOP SUEY Timber! Outdoor Music Festival Launch Party: Guests, 8 pm, free with RSVP

CONOR BYRNE Natural Killers, Kirk Reese, Alki O CROCODILE Saint Motel,

CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Guests, 6 pm, free DISTRICT LOUNGE Cassia

DeMayo Quintet, 8 pm, free **DOWNPOUR BREWING**Open Mic Night: Guests, 5 pm, free

EL CORAZON Saviours, Wounded Giant, Curse of the North, Teacher, 9 pm, \$10/\$12

HIGH DIVE Marmalade, \$6 HIGHLINE King Woman, Nostalgist, A Heart in the Stillness, 9 pm, \$8/\$10

★ KREMWERK Navvi, Yiota, Myani, I'm Sorry, 8 pm, \$5 LO-FI Lazer Kitty, the Yev, Wishyunu, \$6

THE MIX Yada Yada Blues **★ ② MOORE THEATRE** The

nics, Mudhoney, 7:30 pm, \$27-\$47

NECTAR Super Sonic Soul Pimps, Molasses, 9 pm, \$10 **NEUMOS** Jeremy Enigk

OWL N'THISTLE JP nessy, 9 pm, free RENDEZVOUS Communist

Daughter, Matt Bishop, Emily Donohue, Johnny and Molly, Matt Bishop, guests, 9 pm **★ SNOOUALMIE CASINO**

SUNSET TAVERN Sisters, Oh! Pears, Hellbat, 9 pm, \$10

TIM'S TAVERN Timmy
Tombstone, Nikola Whallon, 9 pm, free

TRACTOR TAVERN
Minnesota Roots, Charlie
Parr, Betse Ellis, 8 pm, \$15

TRIPLE DOOR
MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Danny Godinez Band, 9

O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Led Kaapana and Mike Kaawa, 7:30 pm, \$25/\$30

VICTORY LOUNGE DFMK, Bad Tats, guests, 9 pm

JAZZ

— ★ BARCA Jazz at Barca O JAZZ ALLEY Brian ulbertson, Apr 2-5, 7:30 n. \$34.50 O OSTERIA LA SPIGA

Thursday Night Jazz THE ROYAL ROOM Crack Sabbath, 9 pm, Suggested donation \$5-\$15

O SHUGA JAZZ BISTRO Chris James Quartet, 7 pm, free

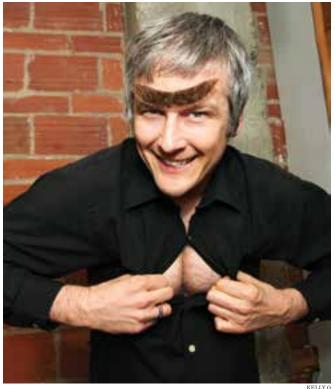
DJ

BALLROOM Throwback Thursdays: DJ Tamm of KISS fm, 9 pm

BALTIC ROOM DJ Bret Law, \$3

CONTOUR Jaded: DJ Jades.

ON FLEEK OF THE WEEK



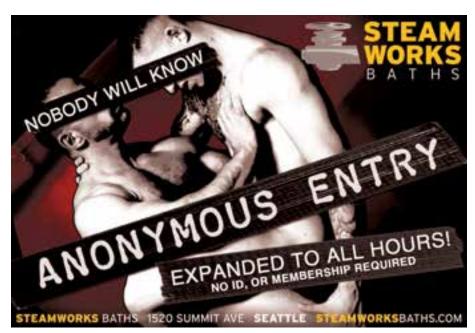
ARE THESE EYEBROWS "ON FLEEK"?

I can't count how many times I see "on fleek" used to describe something on social media in the course of a week. What the eff does that even mean? Did some guy named Roger Fleek tell a bunch of kids that his last name was "the bomb"? Did he promise that F-L-E-K was fucking "sick"? Where did this phrase come from? It's used as a hashtag and/or for describing eyebrows—as in "Those eyebrows are on fleek!" My question: Do the eyebrows in this photo qualify? How about that man-cleavage, aka his "chest ass"? #chestassonfleek? KELLY O











Morgueanne

★ MERCURY Sex.Wave: Guests, 9 pm, \$3/\$5 NEIGHBOURS Hollaback Thursdays: DJ Bret Law

OHANA Get Right: DJ Sosa O NIGHTCLUB J. Phlip

SAINT JOHN'S BAR AND EATERY Peel Slowly THERAPY LOUNGE DUH.:

DJ Omar, guests TRINITY Space Thursdays THE WOODS Jobot, PressHa,

CLASSICAL

O BENAROYA HALL Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2: Seattle Symphony, Apr 2-4, 7:30 pm

O CHAPEL PERFORMANCE **SPACE** Long Piece Fest: Inverted Space New Music Ensemble, 7:30 pm

FRI 4/3 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm. free BALLS & WHISTLES Dennis Kizanis, 8 pm, free

★ BARBOZA Ages and Ages, Zebra Hunt, 7 pm, \$10

Ø BLACK LODGE White Murder, Auxes, Red Liquid, Murder in the Wood, Sick Ward, 8:30 pm

BLUE MOON TAVERN Sir Coyler, the Snakebites, O the Make, 9:30 pm CENTRAL SALOON Moral

Crux, Ready Steady Go, Dept of Martyrs, Event Staph, 9 pm, \$5 CHINA HARBOR Orqu

a Solucion, 9:30 pm, \$15 CHOP SUEY Songs for Charlotte: Guests, 8 pm, \$15 donation

CONOR BYRNE Miss Mamie Lavona the Exotic Mulatta & Her White Boy Band, guests ★ O CROCODILE Magma,

8 pm. \$25-\$50 O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER The Fabulous Roofshakers, 7 pm, free

DARRELL'S TAVERN Jacket ★ Ø EL CORAZON Yonatan Gat, Calvin Johnson, Jason Webley, Kinski, 8 pm, \$10/\$12; Blacklist Union, Sin Circus, Helldorado Under Sin. 8 pm. \$8/\$10

GREENBANK FARM Community Barn Dance: PETE, 7 pm, \$10-\$20 suggested donation

HIGH DIVE Chrome Lakes, Honeybear, Shawn Smith, Ethan Anderson, 9 pm, \$10 HIGHLINE Bell Witch, Void Wraith, UN, Isenordal HIGHWAY 99 CD Woodb

LUCID Sheeba Marie, 8 pm THE MIX These Young Fools, Twisting Fate, the Heyfields, Monster Creep * NECTAR Monophonics,

Eldridge Gravy And The Court Supreme, Gene Washington and the Ironsides, 8 pm, \$15

O NEPTUNE THEATRE Action Bronson, the Alchemist, 9 pm, \$23,50

O NEUMOS Andrew Jackson Jihad, the Smith Street Band, guests, 8 pm, \$16 **RENDEZVOUS** Graig Markel, Acid Tongue, 9:30 pm SEAMONSTER Live Funk SKYLARK CAFE & CLUB

Woodland, Paysor Traverdan, 9 pm, \$7 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Crawler, the Valley, the Sun Giants, Killer Shades, 9 pm SOUND CHECK BAR &

GRILL Stacy Jones, 9 pm, \$5 O SPACE NEEDLE Sunset at SkyCity: Jason Coult, 6 pm STUDIO SEVEN Andre Nickatina, Anonymous, auests

substation Casey Ruff and the Mayors of Ballard, In the Drink, Retirements, \$10 SUNSET TAVERN

Happyness, 9 pm, \$10 O SWEDISH CULTURAL CENTER Moonspinners, 7:30 pm, donation

TIM'S TAVERN Crunchbird TRACTOR TAVERN Broncho. Aqueduct, Wyatt Blair, the Morons, 9 pm, \$10

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Ranger and the Re-Arrangers, 5 pm, free; Airport Way, 9 pm, free

O VASHON OPEN COMMUNITY Fly Fridayz: Guests, 8 pm, \$10

O VERA PROJECT Marshall Mung & the Lights, 8 pm, \$8

JAZZ

★ ② BRECHEMIN AUDITORIUM Marc Seales 7:30 pm, \$15 TULA'S Darin Clendenin Quartet, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT &

LOUNGE Jovino Santos

Neto, 8 pm, free

DJ

BALLROOM Rendezvous Friday: Guests 9 pm BALMAR 80's/90's Night: Guests, 9:30 pm, free BALTIC ROOM Fundan Fridays: Guests BARBOZA Just Got Paid: CORBU LOUNGE Stereo CUFF DJ Night: Rotating DJs, 10 pm, free FOUNDATION Resonate

Fridays: Guests FUEL DJ Headache, guests

HAVANA Rotating DJs: DV One, Soul One, Curtis, Nostalgia B, Sean Cee, \$5 KREMWERK Woodhead, Jon Lee, Simon Houser, Nikolay Cloud MERCURY Gasp: JQ, 9

NEIGHBOURS Absolut Fridays

PONY Beefcake: Beefcake: DJ Jack, Freddy King of Pants: DJ King of Pants, Dee Jay Jack

R PLACE Swollen Friday: DJ E

THERAPY LOUNGE Rapture TRINITY Playday

CLASSICAL

BENAROYA HALL Symphony Untuxed: Chopin's Second Piano Concerto, 7 pm

SAT 4/4 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free

BALLS & WHISTLES The Alkis, 8 pm, free BARBOZA Coho Planes on

O BLACK LODGE Heatwarmer, Dude York, Sick Sad World, Briana

BLUE MOON TAVERN White Trash Whiplash, Pistor Ready, the Thrill

CENTRAL SALOON the Underminers, American Thighs, Babraham Lincoln O CHOP SUEY Lil Dicky, 8 pm, \$20

CONOR BYRNE Nevada Backwards, Kirk Reese, Sightseer, 9:30 pm CROCODILE Elliott Brood

THE HOMOSEXUAL AGENDA

BY ADRIAN RYAN

WEDNESDAY 4/1 **NO REFUNDS, JUST RENDEZVOUS**

Gaydies and gentlemos! Welcome to your week: a week veritably drenched and dripping in more ooey-gooey gayness than you can shake a throbbing, purpleheaded stick at (but please don't; there are laws against such things generally, and you

efits, gawdz help us all, "a good cause" (shudder). Autumn "Seattle's Biggest Mouth" Weinstein is your hostess, and she will tiptoe us ungently

through her garden of madness. featuring such dark blossoms as LaSaveona Hunt, the lovely Gabrielle Grimaldi (who got totally shafted at a pageant I judged not too long ago), burlesque maven Maggie McMuffin, and the bloody mess that is Seattle's own premier

shock queen, the unparal-

leled horror Monikkie Shame! The money goes to Camp Ten Trees, so, you know: safe space, queer youth, blah-blah. But don't expect that to do very much for your karma. That would be like trying to kill an elephant with an eyelash curler. Rendezvous, 6:30 pm, \$10, 21+.

THURSDAY 4/2

SEX.WAV'S TERRIBLE TWOS

My stars! This wild and witchy event has been a dark bulb casting sexy black-light adventures on our twisted little souls for two whole years already! Can you believe it? Well, happy birthday to it, I say. This is a "definitely dress for it" event, with rotating themes, and this time, the witchier the better—a free round of drinks is promised to the "best dressed semi-coordinated coven" of three or more (you know, if you're into group scenes). Residents Ozma Octavia and III Camino have the decks as usual, and Cherry Sur Bête will be on hand to offer you "spiritual guidance." I beg you not to take it. Mercury at Machineworks, 9 pm, \$5, 21+.

FRIDAY 4/3 THREE OR MORE

THREATS This is a brand-new

thing, an "entertainment-packed variety talk show," they're calling it, but what we know is it's got Dan Savage AND Mama Tits, so it's gonna be gayer than goose eggs from ganders.

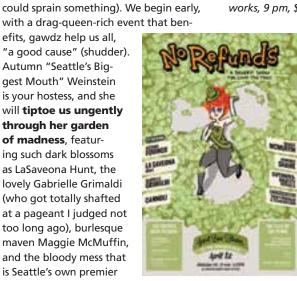
That's for damn sure. There's even a magician. an aerialist, and the **ENTIRE CAST of Angry** Housewives, too! (Overkill? No such thang...)

Triple Door, 8 pm. \$25 adv/\$30 DOS, all ages.

SATURDAY 4/4

UNDIES APLENTY

Remember a long time ago when underwear parties were all the rage? ME NEI-THER! But the wheel turns, everything old is new again, yadda yadda, and so! You are encouraged—nay, EXPECTED—to get your little gay fanny down to this installment of Stiffed and show some skin and skivvies. (It's what God wants, clearly.) DJs King of Pants (ironically), Payone, and Schmeejay presiding, and hosted by the enchanting Ade. Kremwerk, 8 pm, \$7, 21+.







Lead Guitarist for

ROYAL ROOM

Paul McCartney's Wings



The Stranger and the Portland Mercury invite local filmmakers, porn stars, porn-star wannabes, hotties, kinksters, regular folks, and all other creative types to make short porn films - five minutes max - for HUMP! 2015.

BEST HUMOR: \$1000 First Prize BEST SEX: \$1000 First Prize

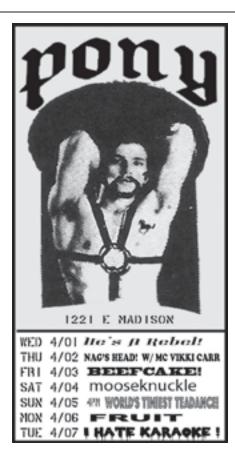
BEST KINK: \$1000 First Prize BEST IN SHOW: \$5000 Grand Prize

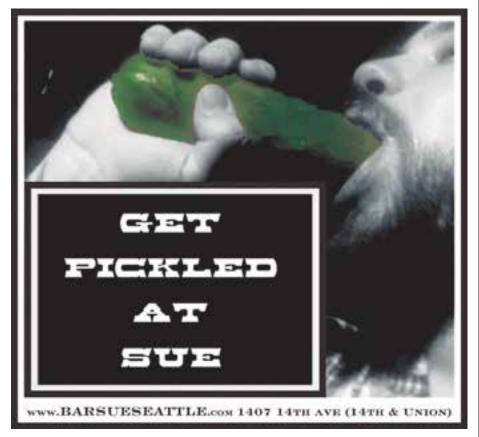
This year's extra credit items: Mike Huckabee's book "God, Guns, Grits, and Gravy" and Hula Hoops!

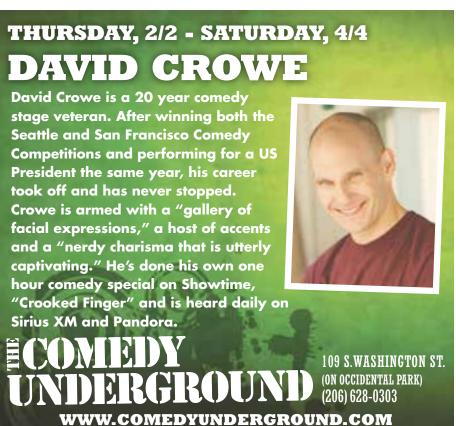
HUMP! SUBMISSIONS DUE SEPTEMBER 30TH!











Shelby Earl, 8 pm, \$12 O CROSSROADS SHOPPING CENTER Pacific Cascade Big Band, 7 pm, free DARRELL'S TAVERN Red Jacket Mine, the Lymbs,

Whiting Tennis, \$7 EL CORAZON The Color Morale, Slaves, Vanna Favorite Weapon, 7 pm

ELEVEN WINERY Jessica Lynne, 1 pm, free HIGH DIVE The Staxx Brothers, Ayron Jones, 9 pm, \$10

HIGHLINE Runawa Daughters, the Yacht Rockers, Blue Fauna, guests, 9 pm, \$7 HIGHWAY 99 Andy Stokes Band, 8 pm, \$15

O KIRKLAND PERFORMANCE CENTER Seattle Rock Orchestra Plays Led Zeppelin

★ LO-FI Tomorrow's Tulips Tarek Wegner, Gazebos Scott Yoder, 9 pm, \$10 NECTAR Polecat, Li'l

Smokies, the Warren G. Hardings, 9 pm, \$10 **★ NEUMOS** La Luz, Will Sprott, the Shivas, 8 pm, \$12

O PHINNEY NEIGHBORHOOD ASSOCIATION Orville Johnson, Casey MacGill, 7:30 pm

RENDEZVOUS Corey J. Brewer, Stres, guests, 9 pm, \$6

THE ROYAL ROOM

Grace Love and the True Loves, 8 pm, Suggested donation \$5-\$15 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE Post Adolescence, King County Queens, the Fentons, 9 pm

O SOULFOOD

Jazztet, free TULA'S Jacqueline Tabor Jazz Band, 7:30 pm, \$16 VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Jimmie Herrod, the Tarantellas, 6 pm, free

JAZZ

BALLROOM Sinful Saturdays: Guests, 9 pm BALMAR Top 40 Night BALTIC ROOM Crave

Guests, 6 pm, free

substation Area 303, \$20

★ SUNSET TAVERN Twerps TIM'S TAVERN Thrashers Corner, Privatized Air, the Of, Comedy of Terrors

O TOWN HALL the Onlies

Kristin Andreassen, 8 pm

TRACTOR TAVERN The

Preatures, the Bots

ounshine Subcons m, free MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE

O VASHON OPEN

7 pm, \$15/\$20

O THE TRIPLE DOOR

SPACE FOR ARTS AND

THEATER Left Hand Smoke

COMMUNITY Tribe-Olution

* VICTORY LOUNGE The

Rutabega, the Bismarck, Chung Antique, 9 pm, \$8

BRASS TACKS Triangular

TRIPLE DOOR

Saturdays: McClarron, Swel, 10 pm BARBOZA Inferno: DJ Swervewon, guests, 10:30 pm, \$5 before midnight/\$10

★ BOTTLEWORKS 78rpm DJ Night, 8:30 pm

CORBU LOUNGE Juicy: DJ COFFEEHOUSE AND FAIR TRADE EMPORIUM Soulfood Open Mic:

CUFF DJ Night: Rotating O FADO IRISH PUB Fado

Saturdays: DJ Doogie, free FOUNDATION Progression Saturdays: Guests HAVANA Rotating DJs: DV One, Soul One, Curtis, Nostalgia B, Sean Cee, \$5

KREMWERK Stiffed! Guests, 8 pm MERCURY Machineries Joy: DJ Hana Solo, \$5

MOE BAR CAKE: DJ

NEIGHBOURS Powermix: DJ O NIGHTCLUB Baeezy

Erich Brown, Jame\$ Ervin, guests, 10 pm, \$10 R PLACE Therapy Saturday

RUNWAY CAFE DJ David N. free

THERAPY LOUNGE Dance Yourself Clean: Guests TRINITY Reload Saturdays THE WOODS Juicebox: Sean Cee, Blueyedsoul

CLASSICAL

© BENAROYA HALL Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 2: Seattle Symphony, 8 pm

SUN 4/5 LIVE

AQUA BY EL GAUCHO Ben Fleck, 6 pm, free BLACK LODGE Peach Kelli Pop, Acapulco Lips,

Sharkie, Little Hearts, Blooper, 8:30 pm

★ CAFE RACER The Racer

CROCODILE Zombie Sunday, Ritual Addict, Hexengeist, Die Nasty, 8 pm O EL CORAZON Rosedale, District, Interurban Avenue

7:30 pm, \$8/\$10 **HIGH DIVE** Gunpowder Stitches, Michael Carlos Band, 8 pm, \$6

KELLS Liam Gallagher LITTLE RED HEN Open Mic Acoustic Jam with Bodacious Billy: Guests 4 pm

★ NARWHAL He Whose Ox Is Gored, A God or Another, Witch Ripper, 9 pm, \$8

★ NEUMOS Ibeyi, Flo Morrissey, 8 pm, \$15

RENDEZVOUS The Genghis Con Artist, Tourniquet, Sam Jaeger, 9:30 pm sunset tavern Tyle Edwards, Arthur James, Devon Russell, 8 pm, \$6

TIM'S TAVERN Kirsten Silva's Seattle Songwriter Showcase: Guests

TRACTOR TAVERN Dead Winter Carpenters, guests 8 pm, \$10

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE
Darrius Willrich, 8 pm, free

JAZZ

THE ANGRY BEAVER The Beaver Sessions: Guests,

DARRELL'S TAVERN Sunday Night Jazz Jai

O SEATTLE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH Seattle Jazz

★ ② THE TRIPLE DOOR

DATA BREAKER

BY DAVE SEGAL

WEDNESDAY 4/1

PAUL EDGE'S HARD, HYPNOTIC TECHNO GIVES YOU A DOOMY ADRENALINE RUSH

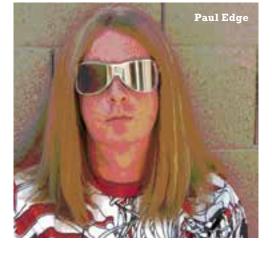
Release promoter Roman Zawodny continues to prove that he's not taking half measures with the bookings for his fledgling techno/ house weekly at Corbu Lounge. Stepping into the DJ booth this week is London/LA's Paul Edge, a veteran of the global acid-techno underground. Back in the '90s, his tracks possessed the sort of expansive, cinematic grandeur that would blow many an outdoor raver's mind. In the current century, Edge has maintained a more stripped-down

and relentlessly hypnotic style of hard techno that skews more dystopian than utopian on the mood spectrum; check out "Dance of Life" and "TechnoPunk" for proof. It's an exhilarating kind of darkness that's akin to that of skiing down a steep hill at night, and it floods your body with doomy adrenaline. Look for Edge's The Outer Limits Experience release on Zawodny's UKR label April 11. With Zacharia and Roman Zawodny. Corbu Lounge, 10 pm, free before 10:30 pm/\$5 after, 21+.

THURSDAY 4/2

YIOTA'S NEBULOUSLY BLISSFUL **DOWNBEAT MUSIC**

Portland's Yiota (pronounced "why I oughta"; real name Teo Wollrabe) works in that crowded 21st-century field of ambient/downbeat music that exists to manifest a nebulous bliss. Some call it "nightbus," the genre of hazy, soulscarred electronic music spawned by Burial. Yiota's self-titled EP is an exquisite example of soft-focus R&B and soothing, chilly ambience commingling in a pillowy embrace. Seattle duo NAVVI traffic in a sleek, sophisticated brand of electronic



pop frosted in muted synth tones and topped by Kristin Henry's classically pretty ice-maiden vocals. With I'm Sorry and Myani. Kremwerk, 8 pm, \$5, 21+.

SATURDAY 4/4

OLIVER HAFENBAUER AND JOEY AN-DERSON'S DEEP HOUSE DEVIATIONS

High & Tight gets back in the fray with its Bases Loaded party, starring New Jersey's Joey Anderson and Germany's Oliver Hafenbauer. Anderson is a producer of highly unusual house music; he filigrees his tracks with all sorts of warped, fascinating textures and arrays them in inventive ways, but never loses sight of dance-floor imperatives. I wish more house musicians followed Anderson's lead. Hafenbauer is the mensch who

books the Robert Johnson club in

Frankfurt, Germany, on Fridays and Saturdays, which is one of the heaviest responsibilities in the world of electronic-music nightlife—like Obama-level responsibility. So you know you'll be getting an elite stream of the techno and house joints that keep ol' Robert Johnson jumpin' and pumpin'. This event is too special to be on the grid, so e-mail theloftseattle@ gmail.com for more info.

★ VITO'S RESTAURANT & LOUNGE Ruby Bishop, 6 pm, free; the Ron Weinstein Trio, 9:30 pm, free

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Resurrection Sundays **CONTOUR** Broken Grooves: Guests, free CORBU LOUNGE Salsa: DI Nick

CUFF Disco Vinnie, 5 pm,

NEIGHBOURS Noche Latina: DJ Luis, DJ Polo PONY TeaDance

★ RE-BAR Flammable: DJ Wesley Holmes, Xan Lucero, guests, 9 pm, \$10

MON 4/6 LIVE

88 KEYS Blues On Tap, 8 pm, free

 AMERICANA Open Mic, 5 pm, free CAPITOL CIDER

EntreMundos, 9:30 pm EL CORAZON Throw the Goat, guests, 8:30 pm, \$5/\$7

KELLS Liam Gallagher NECTAR Mo' Jam Mondays: Morganica Quartet, guests **★ ②** SHOWBOX SODO

Stromae, 8 pm, \$37/\$40 **O** THE SHOWBOX George Ezra, 8:30 pm, \$20 SUNSET TAVERN Hooves

and Beak, the Thoughts, Song Sparrow Research TRIPLE DOOR MUSICQUARIUM LOUNGE

Crossrhythm Sessions, 9 pm, free O THE TRIPLE DOOR THEATER Kaki King, 7:30 pm, \$20/\$25

JAZZ

O TULA'S Microsoft Jumping Jive Orchestra, 7 pm, \$5

DJ

BALTIC ROOM Jam Jam: Mista' Chatman, DJ Element, 9 pm

★ THE HIDEOUT Industry Standard: Guests, free MOE BAR Moe Bar Monday

TUE 4/7 LIVE

CAFE RACER Jacobs Posse HIGH DIVE William Shatner Mouth, Petty Theft, Spit in the Well, 9 pm, \$6 KELLS Liam Gallagher

THE OULD TRIANGLE Open Mic: Guests, 8 pm

OWL N'THISTLE Jazz with Eric Verlinde PARAGON You Play

Tuesday: Guests, 8 pm, free **★ PARAMOUNT THEATRE** Belle and Sebastian, Perfume Genius, 8 pm, \$41.25

★ SEAMONSTER Cure for the Commons, 8 pm, free; McTuff Trio, 10 pm, free

★ THE SHOWBOX Yelle. Hibou, 9 pm, \$24 SLIM'S LAST CHANCE

SUNSET TAVERN Bobby Bare Jr., 8 pm, \$10

TRACTOR TAVERN Bronze Radio Return, Swear and Shake, 8 pm, \$12

TRIPLE DOOR MUSICOUARIUM LOUNGE Singer-Songwriter Showcase

JAZZ

O JAZZ ALLEY Willie Jones III, Apr 7-8, 7:30 pm

★ ② KERRY/PONCHO HALL Ryan Keberle & Catharis, 8 pm, \$10-\$20

O TULA'S Jay Thomas Big Band, 8 pm, \$5

DŢ

BALTIC ROOM Drum & Bass Tuesdays: Guests, 10 pm

BLUE MOON TAVERN Blue Moon Vinyl Revival DARRELL'S TAVERN DJ

Wade T, free THE EAGLE Pitstop: DJ

HAVANA Word Is Bond ★ LO-FI Stop Biting **MERCURY** Die

NEIGHBOURS Pump It Up



o yourself a favor and check out Jon Adams's comic Truth Serum at citycyclops.com. Turns out he's pretty good at making posters, too. **AARON** HUFFMAN

> **The Gateway Show** w/Heneghen, JoAnn Schinderle, Mike Coletta, and more Sat April 4. Jai Thai





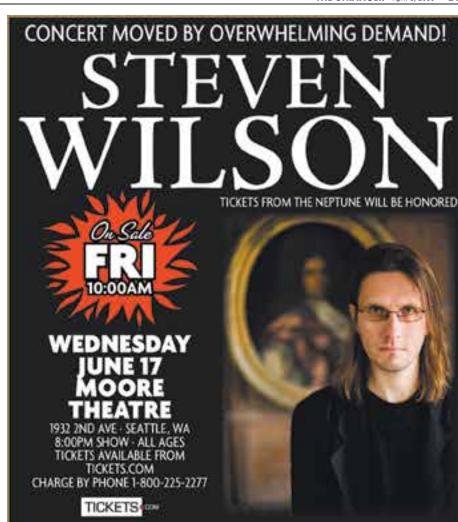


musicquarium

• 4/1 jp hennessy (trio) • 4/2 danny godinez band • 4/3 ranger and the "re-arrangers" / airport way • 4/4 sunshine subconscious • 4/5 hwy 99 blues presents darrius willrich • 4/6 crossrhythm sessions • 4/7 willrich • 4/6 crossrhythm sessions • 4/7 singer-songwriter showcase featuring: alejandro garcia (norey), lady grace and luke medina (pico blvd) • 4/8 royal jelly jive

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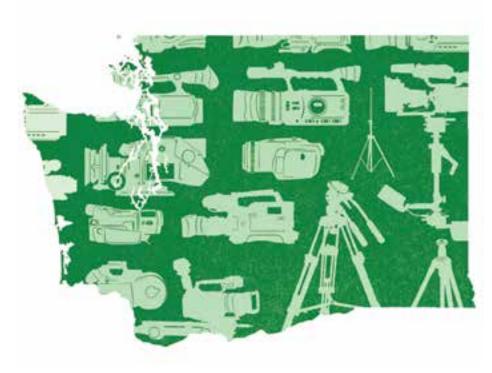
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Film in Washington Is NOT a Lost Cause

Why You Should Support SB 6027
BY LYNN SHELTON AND MEGAN GRIFFITHS

ast week's *Stranger* included a piece by Charles Mudede about Washington State's film incentive and its relationship to a new television show that the two of us hope to shoot here in

the future. We felt this article represented a missed opportunity to educate readers about how our state's Motion Picture Competitiveness Program works and why every Washington State resident—regardless of their affiliation with the film community—should support Senate Bill 6027, which seeks to expand the program.

hand money out to productions up front, no matter how that money gets spent. Not so in Washington! Our program pays back a production: (A) ONLY after it has spent money in our state and a very extensive audit is completed, and (B) ONLY for money spent by the production on local hires and local services. The program also requires that productions pay union-level wages and pensions and health benefits to all hires—no other state does this.

On our most recent films, Lynn's Laggies and Megan's Lucky Them (multimillion dollar projects we were able to lure away from other states only because of our incentive program), the productions did not get money back on the salaries of Keira Knight-

ley, Toni Collette, or any other A-list talent, only on the wages of the cast and crew who were Washington residents! Perhaps this is why the Motion Picture Competitiveness Program is the only tax preference program

endorsed by the Washington State Labor Council and why, in fact, they have called for it to be expanded: because it works!

Ours is a model program for creating jobs and economic activity. The ripple effect is huge. Since 2007, the fund has generated \$96.3 million in economic activity in our state, a 375 percent return on investment! Truly, the only problem with our program is that its cap is too low. At \$3.5 million, Washington has the fifth-lowest cap of the 38 states with such funds. Last year, the entire amount had been allocated by May.

More than \$20 million in potential spending, which would have been brought by the additional productions that applied for incentive funding, had to be turned away.

SB 6027, a bill currently on the floor of the Washington State Senate, would gradually expand our fund to \$10 million by 2019. Would we all like for it

to be a higher number? Definitely! But let's be clear: This bill seeks to nearly *triple* the existing fund. That is progress. For context: Oregon's \$10 million cap supports three television series (*Portlandia*, *Grimm*, and *The Librarians*) in addition to feature films. Contrary to Mudede's assertion, it is a magnet for production.

Our incentive not only serves to attract

larger projects that boost the state's economic infrastructure and provide real, living-wage jobs for Washington residents, up to 10 percent (\$350,000) of the fund is also reserved for local filmmakers. This allotment is designed to incubate local filmmaking talent so it can

This bill seeks to

nearly triple the

film incentive fund.

That is progress.

evolve to create projects that will provide ongoing, sustainable work for the multitudes of crew and cast. (This is the exact process that led to *Laggies* and *Lucky Them* and, we hope, many future projects.)

As for our TV project, if it gets out of the development stage, and if SB 6027 passes, shooting in Washington is still a very real possibility. It's certainly what we are both aiming for, and it's just one more reason that we're so gung ho about getting this bill passed. Bringing a TV series to the west side of the state (to complement *Z Nation*, the series already being shot in Spokane) would mean steady, well-paid work for our local cast and crew for much of the year, not to mention the ripple effect on other businesses that are ancillary beneficia-



 $\textbf{LUCKY THEM}\ Brought\ us\ money, jobs,\ and\ Toni\ Collette.$

ries to a booming creative economy (potential tourism among them—people still buy *Sleepless in Seattle* T-shirts at the airport!).

It's not a lost cause, people! Not by a long shot!! PLEASE spread the word! Support our incentive fund! Write your legislators and senators in support of SB 6027 and use the #keepfilminwa hashtag.

There really is no downside. \blacksquare

Depardieu Is a Little Too Convincing in Welcome to New York

Come for the Unpleasant Scenes, Stay for the Troubling Questions

BY CHARLES MUDEDE

Welcome to

New York

dir. Abel Ferrara

Grand Illusion

And then it happens: A black woman with an African (or West Indian) accent enters a posh Manhattan hotel room and announces herself. There is no reply. The room

is a mess—and it must smell of sex, because a rich French banker and his seedy friends spent the previous night defiling several young, beautiful, white prostitutes. The hotel

maid is not young, beautiful, or white. She's overweight and middle-aged, and looks like the type of woman who dresses up only on Sunday

for church. The banker walks out of the bathroom, sees the maid, lets his towel drop, and then tries to force his dick into her mouth.

Welcome to New York is obviously based

on the 2011 case against Dominique Strauss-Kahn, the former director of the International Monetary Fund, the organization that formed in 1944 to loan money to

countries with heavy debts in the post-WWII economic order. By the 1980s, the IMF had evolved into a debt collector and enforcer for

the first world. In the film, the Strauss-Kahn character is called Devereaux and is played maybe too convincingly by a portly and mumbly Gérard Depardieu. The banker's wife is Simone, an excellent and eternally glamorous Jacqueline Bisset. As with the real story, the rape allegations are dismissed and Devereaux is free to leave New York.

But as always in films made by Abel Ferrara (Bad Lieutenant and King of New York, among many others), the story is only a fraction of the story. Like all devoted Catholics,

Ferrara is fascinated by the realism of human fallen-ness. He faces it directly. If you must believe in God, then you must really believe in evil. "No one wants to be saved," says Devereaux late in the film. "No one."

As bad as the rape scene is to witness, the dark questions that follow it are just as disturbing: Why would this man, who is obsessed with youth and whose wealth buys him access to anyone and anything, force himself on an ordinary, not-young woman? Was it to dominate her? Her blackness? Was the act a physical analogue to the economic exploitation his institution visits on third-world countries? Complicating matters is a later scene in which he has (almost) loving sex with a beautiful black woman. How to reconcile his grotesque violence with his recognizable humanity? The answer is simple: Like Brandon (Michael Fassbender) in Steve McQueen's *Shame*, Devereaux is living in a hell from which there is no salvation.



FILM SHORTS

More reviews and movie times: thestranger.com/film

LIMITED RUN

3 HEARTS

Maybe 3 Hearts is an experiment: Shove the plot of a Sweet Valley High novel through a French-o-later, ship it off to America, and see if the Yanks will mistake this tortured and ridiculous love triangle between two sisters and a nebbish ginger for some sort of grand affair of the heart. After all, everyone's smoking and drinking, très français, and doesn't Charlotte Gainsbourg look just like Patti Smith at her age? The venerable Catherine Deneuve is the only one here who knows what's up: She just scowls in the background looking disap proving as fuck. Right there with you, Catherine. (ALISON HALLETT) Seven Gables, Fri 4:30, 7:05, 9:30 pm, Sat-Sun 2, 4:30, 7:05, 9:30 pm, Mon-Thurs 4:30, 7:05, 9:30 pm.

EFFIE GRAY

There are historical dramas that depict famous figures, and then there are reclamation projects that bring lesser-known individuals to light. The Emma Thompson-penned Effie Gray melds the two approaches into one (TV veteran Richard Laxton directed). As in Ralph Fiennes's *The Invisible* Woman. Thompson favors the heroine over the anti-hero. After their marriage, Effie (Dakota Fanning) and her older husband, Victorian art critic John Ruskin (Thompson's spouse, Greg Wise) move from Scotland to the family estate in England, where bad portents accumulate: His parents (David Suchet and Julie Walters) consider Effie beneath their son, John has no interest in sex, and there's nothing to do. Only a progressive noblewoman (Thompson) takes an interest in her welfare, though a trip to Venice offers a brief reprieve as Effie enjoys the nightlife while John works on a book (ever the party pooper, he dismisses the city as "a harlot"). But Britain represents more misery until pre-Raphaelite painter John Everett Millais (Tom Sturridge) arrives to paint John's portrait, and Effie finds a friend who will become something more. It's the point at which the film should come alive, but it just lies there, handsomely shot but dramatically inert, and Fanning's somber portrayal never captures the charisma the real-life Effie was said to possess. Somehow, I doubt that was Thompson's intention. (KATHY FENNESSY) Sundance Cinemas, Fri-Sat 1:40, 4:15, 6:50, 9:30 pm, Sun-Tues 2:40, 5:15, 7:50 pm.

NOW PLAYING

DANNY COLLINS

If there's one thing you can trust Hollywood to do, it's get

rock stars all wrong. From the boilerplate cornpone of Jailhouse Rock to the ecstatic camp of The Doors to the antibacterial sentimentality of *Almost Famous* and beyond, movies about rock musicians have ever been a repository of their creators' projections about rock 'n' roll mythos, or a means of preserving hoary old tropes about hedonism, persona, compromise, and always, always, always redemption. In many cases, the films are satisfying anyway, thanks to the skillful deployment of good songs, deft editing, and the magnetic performers. (*Purple Rain* is a generic melodrama motorized by unflinching misogyny—not just in the internet outrage sense—and narrative cliché; it's also stirring, thrilling, dazzling, indelible, because it's Prince in 1984. All other bets are off.) Pop music and narrative cinema are ideally suited to each other, because both are cheap, commercial art forms that regularly transcend their low birth to achieve the highest, most sublime expression available. In some kinds of

love, as Lou Reed reminds us, the possibilities are endless.
It would take a supreme act of will to suggest that *Danny*Collins, which posits Al Pacino as an over-the-hill singer on a quest for redemption, offers much in the way of sublime expression. The premise is both flimsy and tantalizing: Though Danny is still popular enough to fill arenas, he's dissatisfied with the grannies who flock to his concerts to hear him sing the same old hits, so he numbs himself with cocaine and Scotch, a hot French fiancée a third his age, and, it would appear, more money than Elton John and David Geffen combined. Then, his manager (Christopher Plummer, also somewhat inexplicable-though gloriously so-in his velvet blazer and trilby) surprises him with a birthday gift that changes everything. In 1971, when he was just a fledgling folkie in the mode of Loudon Wainwright's song "Talkin' Bob Dylan," young Danny did an interview to promote his debut album, *Playing Pretend*. He reluctantly admitted that, yes, he was scared about what might become of his artistry if, as the interviewer (Nick Offerman) proposed, "you're gonna be huge, kid." As fate would have it, John Lennon and Yoko Ono read the interview and wrote to Bobby, care of the magazine, assuring him that "being rich and famous doesn't change your life. Call us, we can help," and included their home number. He never received the letter, never even knew of its existence. *Playing Pretend* flopped, and Danny gave in to a different kind of compromise, singing bubblegum numbers written by pros and handpicked by the label. They of course became big hits, and he became a big star. The next 40 years passed in a blur of private jets, billboards on

Sunset Boulevard, and the hollow agony of unearned glory.

The letter shakes Danny to his core, and inspires him to change everything about his life, a process that involves chucking his cheating fiancée, canceling his tour, and heading to the wilds of New Jersey in the hopes of connecting with the son he's never met. The story that follows is like a checklist from a how-to-write-a-screenplay handbook, each beat on the hero's journey to redemption dutifully ticked in the prescribed order.

The big problem with *Danny Collins* is Danny Collins, a

weird hybrid of late Rod Stewart, mid-period Neil Diamond, and, I don't know, a less-sexual Tom Jones? Rick Nelson in reverse? The math doesn't quite make it. The one song they could scrape together to demonstrate his hitmaking prowess is a C-minus Tommy James retread (written by Ryan Adams). His stage show is like Bobby Vinton at an Atlantic City casino. We know Danny is M.O.R. and O.L.D., but the film removes all the restrictions that might have lent his plight film removes all the restrictions that might have lent his plight even the vaguest connection to reality; his vanity is mirrored in the film's design—and in its use of actual Lennon songs as emotional shortcuts throughout. It's not enough that he be famous, he must be so famous that people recognize him everywhere he goes; not merely a guy who had some hits, but a cherished entertainer whose songs make the whole world sing; not merely rich, but mansions-and-chartered-jets rich. He has the kind of success that only exists at the beginning of commercial films so it can be lost two-thirds of the way through (then obviously regained at the end). through (then, obviously, regained at the end).

Never mind that the script is "kind of, a little bit" based on the story of journeyman folksinger Steve Tilston, who really did receive a letter from John and Yoko 40 years after they sent it. They didn't have to base Danny on a specific guy, but why not a guy whose troubles stem from somewhere outside his own heroic capacity for self-reflection? Why not make him a musician who doesn't sell out the Greek at age 70? Why not let his artistic compromises lead to compromised rewards? Films like this are only interested in superlatives, which, one suspects, is what draws stars like Pacino to appear in them. But in this case, the character's superlatives are exactly what prevents Pacino from being convincing.

I can see where this might sound a little fussy. I was looking forward to seeing Pacino in *Author!* Author! mode again—it's an underutilized color in his palette. But his eagerness to play flawed-but-lovable can't obscure the utter implausibility of the character. And yet, it's Pacino, really trying something different. You see a lot of very talented actors in Danny Collins—Pacino, Plummer, Annette Bening, Jennifer Garner-striving to make the material worthy of them. And it pays off. The supporting cast saves the film from oblivion. Best of all is Bobby Cannavale, who plays Danny's reluctant son with a defiant pathos that gives Pacino something real to work with. In the end, all the musician stuff is just a loss leader to allow the story of this father-son reconciliation to play out in the sorrow, anger, confusion, and longing that Cannavale communicates, seemingly without trying. It's a thrilling, totally unexpected performance in the midst of a

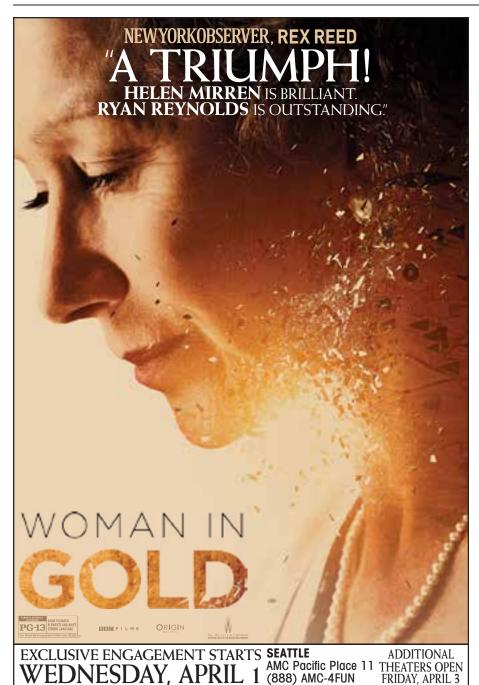
muddled film, a fantastic album track buried on side two of an LP full of failed singles. (SEAN NELSON) Lincoln Square Cinemas, Fri-Tues 11:30 am, 2:15, 5, 7:50, 10:40 pm.

★ WHAT WE DO IN THE SHADOWS

Now that we as a culture have seemingly settled on zombies as our primary monster metaphor, the somewhat ignored genre of vampire movies is busy getting weird. And the weirdness is a wonderful thing to behold. Jim Jarmusch's Only Lovers Left Alive looked at vampirism as a representation of ennui. Iranian director Ana Lily Amirpour's A Girl Walks Home Alone at Night used it as a symbol of feminine empowerment. And now we have What We Do reminine empowerment. And now we have *vinat ive Do* in the *Shadows*, a New Zealand mockumentary about four vampires renting a flat in Wellington together, and it uses the lens of vampirism to... well, I'm not really sure what it's supposed to mean. But it sure is funny. Cowritten by, costarring, and codirected by Taika Waititi and *Flight of the Conchords*'s Jemaine Clement, *Shadows* combines the banality of reality television ("I tended to torture when twee in a had place" Clement's Vladicialy deadgage to the I was in a bad place," Clement's Vladislav deadpans to the camera) with pretty much every vampire trope from the last century of film. Some of the humor is smart, and some of it is pleasantly moronic. (Waititi's naive, innocent vampire, Viago, runs around the house at dusk in the first moments of the film shouting in his bad Transvlvanian accent, "Vake up! Vake up, everyone! Avaken! Avakey-vakey!") Though Shadows suffers from some aimlessness in its latter half, it's overall a pleasant revisitation of the mockumentary tropes perfected by Christopher Guest. The special effects are surprisingly good for a low-budget New Zealand feature, with characters flying around, turning into bats, and struggling to slurp blood as it gushes forth from an accidentally damaged aorta. This is funny stuff; you can't wring these kinds of laughs out of a goddamned zombie. (PAUL CONSTANT) Sundance Cinemas, Fri-Sat 2, 4:45, 7:20. 9:25 pm, Sun-Tues 3, 5:45, 8:20 pm.

WOMAN IN GOLD

The fact that Holocaust victims and their descendants are attempting to reclaim art stolen by the Nazis in increasing numbers could have a huge impact-not just on museum holdings, but on the world's ability to remember the ills of history. The case of Maria Altmann (Helen Mirren) is perhaps the most significant—along with a rookie lawyer (Ryan Reynolds, trying to hide behind khaki pants and glasses), Altmann suc-cessfully sued the Republic of Austria for the return of several Gustav Klimt paintings, including a portrait of her aunt that had become the nation's equivalent of the Mona Lisa. That's pretty badass, but Simon Curtis's portrayal of the years-long battle is a plodding, oversimplified courtroom procedural spliced with pretty-but-wooden flashbacks. Content to cheerlead its protagonists, the film's refusal to engage in any reasonable way with the opposing argument is borderline irresponsible... and irresponsibly dull. The film also features Katie Holmes ng her role as a housebound, baby-having yes-woman (MARJORIE SKINNER) Various locations.





NEWS FEATURE SUGGESTS ARTS CHOW MUSIC FILM

THE STRANGER April 1, 2015 53



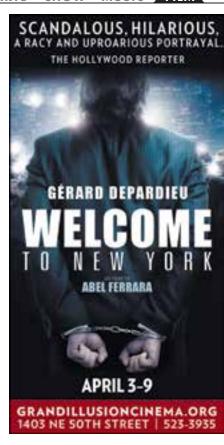
EASTER CHARADE

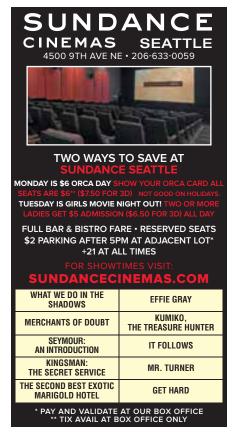
As you know, this coming Sunday is Easterwhich is when Christians bellyache about how we non-Christians "stole" the holiday and replaced "religion" with "bunnies and hard-boiled eggs." Well, don't get it twisted—because Christians STOLE IT FIRST. It was Christians who yoinked the name "Easter" from the pagan celebration of spring—but whatever. Sounded like a boring party, anyway. HOWEVER! The least Christians could've done was make Easter super awesome instead of super depressing! (For more information on "the fetishization of Christ's crucifixion," see the last 2,000 years of Christian history or consult your local library.)

So HELL YEAH we're going to add bunnies and hard-boiled eggs! Sundays are terrible enough without the extra guilt trip they're laying on us! (Besides, **if your club doesn't serve candy**—and, later in the day, egg salad—we don't want to join.)

That brings me to the subject of television. Networks are a lot like Christians—they pretend to be pious on Easter and Christmas, but the other 363 days of the year, they're gettin' CRUNK, y'all. For example, this week the networks are hiding their immorality underneath their mattresses (along with their porn mags and cigarettes) and pretending to be fine, upstanding Christians with the following shows:

- 8 Minutes (A&E. Thurs April 2. 10 pm): When I first read the title, I was like, "YAY! A new bull-riding show!" But then I was like, "Wait. People don't ride bulls for eight minutes." As it turns out, 8 Minutes follows "cop-turned-pastor" (UGH!!) Kevin Brown, who meets sex workers in hotel rooms—purportedly to have, you know, "sex"—but then forces them to listen to an eight-minute-long lecture on why they shouldn't be prostitutes! (And I thought I was kinky!) Obviously this guy is a SUPER-CREEP, because while some women are certainly trapped in the sex trade, many see it as a legit life/career choice. And they really don't need some uptight honky shame-junkie "mansplaining" how they should live their lives. Treat this show like Sunday school, and never, ever go.
- A.D. (NBC, Sun April 5, 9 pm): Producer Mark Burnett—best known for cursing the world with Survivor, The Apprentice, and Shark Tank—is the devil behind this biblically based miniseries, which follows the birth of Christianity immediately following the death of Jesus Christ. Like its prequel (History Channel's The Bible), A.D. hopes to rake in more cash from gullible believers who currently have very little in the way of entertainment—if you don't count those hilariously bad Kirk Cameron movies. But don't worry, Christians! Since the series will also depict Jesus's magical resurrection ("Who's got two thumbs and just climbed out of a grave? THIS GUY!"), historical accuracy won't get in the way of a good time. BOOOOO HISTORICAL ACCURACY!!
- The Ten Commandments (ABC, Sun April 5, 7 pm): And of course, what would Easter be without a showing of Cecil B. DeMille's 1956 classic The Ten Commandments? This flick stars Charlton Heston as the Easter Bunny, who leads his people on a 40-year egg hunt across the desert to the "Promised Land"—home of the bottomless bowl of candy and egg salad. (SIGH. I love Easter.)













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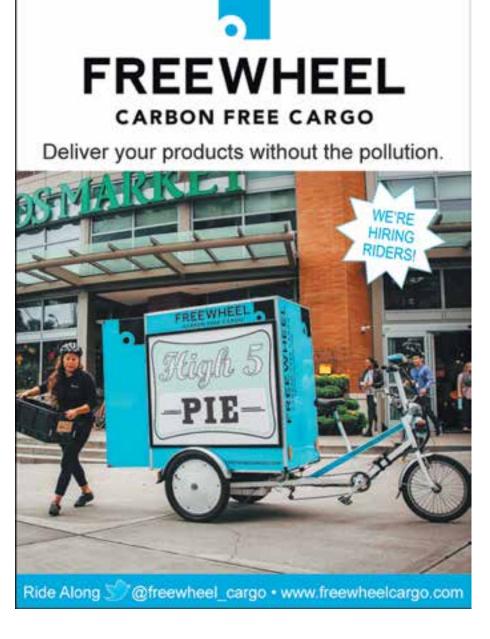
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- 1. The petitioner has started an action in the above court requesting that your marriage or domestic partnership be dissolved
- 3. You must respond to this summons by serving a copy of your written response on the person signing this summons and by filing the original with the clerk of the court. If you do not serve your written response within 60 days after the date of the first publication of this summons (60 days after the 11 day of March 2015), the court may enter an order of default against you, and the court may, without further notice to you, enter a decree and approve or provide for other relief requested in this summons. In the case of a dissolution, the court will not enter the final decree until at least 90 days after service and filing. If you serve a notice of appearance on the undersigned person, you are entitled to notice before an order of default or a decree may be entered.
- 4. Your written response to the summons and petition must be on form WPF DR 01.0300, Response to Petition (Marriage). Information about how to get this form may be obtained by contacting the clerk of the court, by contacting the Administrative Office of the Courts at (360) 705-5328, or from the Internet at the Washington State Courts homepage: http://www.courts.wa.gov/forms
- 5. If you wish to seek the advice of an attorney in this matter, you should do so promptly so that your written response, if any, may be served on time
- 6. One method of serving a copy of your response on the petitioner is to send it by certified mail with return receipt requested.

This summons is issued pursuant to RCW 4.28.100 and Superior Court Civil Rule 4.1 of the state of Washington.

Dated: 2/16/2015

Joe Albritton Signature of Petitioner or Lawyer/WSBA No.

File original of your response with the clerk of the court at: Department of Judicial Administration Office of the Superior Court Clerk 401 - 4th Avenue N #2C

Serve a copy of your response on: Petitioner (you may list an address that is not your residential address where you agree to accept legal documents. Any time this address changes while this action is pending, you must notify the opposing parties in writing and file an updated Confidential Information Form (WPF DRPSCU 09.0200) with the court clerk.)

Joe Albritton 29249 20th Way S Federal Way, WA 98003

Kent, Washington 98032

SUPERIOR COURT OF WASHINGTON COUNTY OF KENT In re: Michael John Cwalina, Petitio And Sofia Pricsilla Lewis, Respondent No. 15-3-01151-4 KNT Summons by Publication (SMPB) TO THE RESPONDENT: Sofia Pricsilla Lewis

- 1. The petitioner has started an action in the above court requesting the establishment or modification of a parenting plan or residential schedule and the establishment or modification of a child support order.
- 2. The petition also requests that the court grant the following relief: Approve a parenting plan or a residential schedule for the dependent
- 3. You must respond to this summons by serving a copy of your written response on the person signing this summons and by filing the original with the clerk of the court. If you do not serve your written response within 60 days after the date of the first publication of this summons (60 days after the 18 day of March, 2015), the court may enter an order of default against you, and the court may, without further notice to you, enter a decree and approve or provide for other relief requested in this summons. In the case of a dissolution, the court will not enter the final decree until at least 90 days after service and filing. If you serve a notice of appearance on the undersigned person, you are entitled to notice before an order of default or a decree may be entered.
- 4. Your written response to the summons and netition must be on 4. Tool whiten response to the summons and petition must be on form WPF PS 15.0300, Response to Response to Petition for Residential Schedule/Parenting Plan/Child Support. Information about how to get this form may be obtained by contacting the clerk of the court, by contacting the Administrative Office of the Courts at (360) 705-5328, or from the Internet at the Washington State Courts home page: http://www.courts.wa.gov/forms
- 5. If you wish to seek the advice of an attorney in this matter, you should do so promptly so that your written response, if any, may be served on time
- 6 One method of serving a copy of your response on the petitioner is to send it by certified mail with return receipt requested.
- 7. Other: Order for Service of Summons by Publicatio

This summons is issued pursuant to RCW 4.28.100 and Superior Court Civil Rule 4.1 of the state of Washington

Dated: 3/11/15

Michael John Cwalina I Signature of Petitioner or Lawyer/WSBA No.

File original of your response with the clerk of the court at: Department of Judicial Administration
Office of the Superior Court Clerk

401 - 4th Avenue N. #2C Kent, Washington 98032

Serve a copy of your response on: Petitioner (you may list an addres that is not your residential address where you agree to accept legal documents. Any time this address changes while this action is pending, you must notify the opposing parties in writing and file an updated Confidential Information Form (WPF DRPSCU 09.0200) with the court clerk.)

Michael John Cwalina II 4059 S. 188th St. Seatac, WA 98188

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SAVAGE LOVE

Never Enough BY DAN SAVAGE

I think my husband is addicted to porn. I find porn in his browser history almost every single day. He says I'm the only one he wants, but I find that hard to believe knowing he watches nonstop porn before fucking me. He also parties every time he goes on a husiness trip. Needless

watches nonstop porn before fucking
me. He also parties every time he
goes on a business trip. Needless
to say, I also suspect he cheats.
He says he would never cheat on
me because he "doesn't need to."
But what does that mean? I think
he is a liar. Every time I even try
to bring anything up with him, it
is flung back in my face because
I cheated on him. He has the ultimate trump card. In his eyes, he
can do no wrong because it will
never be as bad as me having
slept with someone else early in our
relationship. Anyway, my question is
mostly related to porn: Why does he watch it?

 $attractive. \ What \ should \ I \ do?$ $Wife \ Is \ Feeling \ Entirely \ Yucky$

You should stop looking at your husband's browser history.

I feel as though I am not enough. I am 29 and

I have no way of knowing exactly what your husband means by "doesn't need to [cheat]." WIFEY, but here's the best-case scenario: You're his only sex partner, he's totally into you, but like all humans-including wife humans—he's wired to desire a little variety and some novelty. No one is "enough" for anyone, and anyone who tells you otherwise is a liar. Which is not to say that everyone cheats (because not everyone does) or that cheating is okay (because it rarely is), but cheating is common enough that forgiving an isolated infidelity (or two) should be our default setting, not immediately lawyering up and filing for divorce. (And truly forgiving someone for cheating means not flinging it in her face during subsequent disputes.)

Back to the best-case scenario: Your husband wants to have sex with other people (and so do you) but he doesn't (and neither do you). Instead of cheating, WIFEY, your husband scratches that variety itch with porn. He pops into his favorite sites once or twice day, just like millions of other people, but he's not cheating on you. (Unless you define viewing porn as cheating—in which case, good luck finding a man who won't cheat on you.) I would advise you, again, to stop scouring his browser history for evidence of what you already know to be true—your husband is attracted to other people and sometimes looks at porn—and make up your mind to enjoy the effect porn has on your husband, i.e., it revs him up and stokes his desire for you.

Now here's the worst-case scenario: Your husband is cheating on you, perhaps during those business trips, and "doesn't need to [cheat]" was an insincere blandishment. But absent some other compelling evidence of cheating—incriminating text messages, mysterious credit-card charges, brand-new STIs—you're just going to have to take him at his word.

I have a question about the price of admission. $I\ am\ a\ male\ in\ an\ eight-year\ het\ relationship.$ The sex is unquestionably amazing. The thing is, my girlfriend made it clear at the begin $ning\ of\ our\ relationship\ that\ blow jobs\ were\ not$ gonna happen often. She's done it a few times over the years, but I could see her heart wasn't really in it. I love going down on her, but she only tolerates it on the way to penetrative sex. $She\ says\ this\ is\ not\ open\ for\ debate,\ but\ I\ would$ like to talk about why she doesn't like it. She's $said\ I\ don't\ have\ an\ unattractive\ penis\ or\ any$ thing like that, but the conversation quickly $devolves\ into:\ "If\ you\ wanted\ blowjobs,\ you$ should've picked someone else." I feel like we're missing out on something—passionate and mutual oral sex—that could be great.

Wanting Into Some Head

Pick someone else, WISH, but only if getting oral back in your life is more important to you than having this particular girlfriend in your life. She was up-front about her disinter-

est in oral sex—maybe she had early and unpleasant/traumatic experiences with oral, maybe she tried it and doesn't like it—and just getting her to talk about it is unlikely to result in long sessions of passionate and mutual oral sex. If you can't see yourself going without oral for the rest of your life, WISH, either get permission from this girlfriend to get oral elsewhere or get yourself a

I'm 31 and have been with my hus-

new girlfriend.

band for eight years, married last year, everything's great—sex life included. But I have started a flirtation with a guy who lives next door. He can see into our kitchen, and I caught him watching me one day, and this was a huge turn-on for me. Now I wear sexy clothes when I'm home alone, and we stare at each other longingly. Sounds weird, I know, but it gets me so hot that sometimes I have to leave the room to masturbate! If anything, this has improved my sex life with my husband, as I feel sexier than ever. But my real worry is this: Am I being unfaithful? I'm really guilt-tripping myself about it. But then I think, what am I doing wrong? I've never even spoken to the "other man," I'm in my own home, and I don't intend to sleep with the neighbor. Is it possible to enjoy this flirtation in a way that I don't feel like I'm betraying my husband? Do you think what I'm doing is risky?

Wondering If Next-Door Observer Wounds Spouse

Let's say you went to the beach to lie out because you get a secret thrill from getting checked out, WINDOWS, and then you took that sexual energy home and plowed it into your husband. That wouldn't be a problem. Strangers at the beach make you feel attractive, feeling attractive makes you horny, feeling horny makes you wanna fuck the shit out of your husband. You win, your husband wins, and the strangers at the beach win. Everybody wins.

There are two big differences between what's going on in your kitchen and what went down on my hypothetical beach: proximity and regularity. You're not going to see the same people at the beach again, WINDOWS, but your neighbor lives right next door. What happens when you finally and inevitably meet him face-to-face? Hopefully nothing, but the odds of something are much higher. And running into your neighbor and not being able to resist the temptation is not the only risk you're running: You don't know anything about this guy. Your innocent flirtation could be his dangerous obsession—and one day, you could wake up to find him standing at the foot of your bed.

But perhaps the minimal risks—you should be able to keep your hands off him, he's unlikely to show up at the foot of your bed—are worth the very real rewards, i.e., an improved sex life with your husband. This whole thing might seem less like "cheating lite" if you could tell your husband about how much you enjoy teasing the neighbor and how hot it makes you—for your husband. Then instead of retreating to masturbate alone in another room after showing off in the kitchen, WINDOWS, you can retire to your bedroom and fuck the shit out of your waiting husband.

On the *Lovecast*, how to talk to your kids about sex with Amy Lang: savagelovecast.com.

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-Contamer 1-mad, 3/18/14

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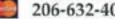
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BUS 49 PIKE & BOYLSTON

Me: green beanie, front seat. You: brown hair, said I'm cute JUST TOO quietly while exitting. Cursed my reaction time+got off to jog back, but you had vanished like the ghost of a promise that my life could be better. When: Sunday, March 29, 2015. Where: Bus 49 near Broadway. You: Woman. Me: Broadway. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921036

LINK FRIDAY NIGHT MARCH

YOU: Blonde hair (almost white). I saw you sitting a few seats ahead of me, and you had cute, pink toenails in sandals, ME: Goatee, grev hoody In Sandais. Me: Goatee, grey noody.

I was bobbing my head, listening to music, sitting in the very back.

When: Friday, March 27, 2015.

Where: LINK. You: Woman. Me:

Man. #921035

FLIGHT BRUSSELS/LONDON

TO SEATTLE
We were both working on that trip. I complimented you on your ink. Fell in love with your baldy appearance. It has been almost a year now. I want to be completely unprofessional with wall When: Monday, September you! When: Monday, Septer 1, 2014. Where: Flight. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921034

HALES ALES BAR CONVER-SATION

We talked about everything from relationships to our ancestry but neve got to exchange numbers since I had to run and felt awkward asking you to run and felt awkward asking you in front of my friend. Did you con-firm whether you are related to King Magnus? When: Friday, March 27, 2015. Where: Hales Ales Fremont. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921033

BESPECTACLED BIKE

MESSENGER BABE
Spotted you near downtown on Yesler.
Red bicycle. Delivering something. You had glasses, dark hair, a neck tattoo, and what looked like a robot tattoo or your lower leg. 'Just wanted to let you know you looked really pretty. When Saturday, March 28, 2015 Me: Woman, #921032

72 EXPRESS TO U-DISTRICT We sat across from each other this morning around 10. I'm an idiot fo not telling you how beautiful I though e! When: Thursday, March

you were! When: Thursday 19, 2015. Where: 10 a Woman, Me: Man, #921018 DRIVING UP 1ST AVE SOUTH

You, good looking guy with dark hair driving a black Nissan on 1st Ave S Saturday morning at 10-45. I was the brunette in the black Mercedes. Regret not pulling over to chat! Hoping you see this! When: Saturday, March 154 When: Saturday, March 154 Was Suith 28, 2015. Where: 1st Ave South near SafeCo Field. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921031

MARILYN MANSON AT THE SHOWBOX You were behind me (a tall blond)

at the Marilyn Manson concert have a tattoo on your spine of a black line and circles. I finally worked up the courage to talk to you, maybe it $\sqrt{\epsilon}$, C_i , $\tilde{N} \notin S$ not too late? When: Thursday, March 26, 2015.

PHU QUOC ISLAND FLIGHT

I did think you're cool. We talked on the plane. Your name is Simon, British tall, you have beard and you wore blue t-shirt with dark blue jeans. I was the short, 24 year-old Vietnames giri. Corree next time mayoe: When: Saturday, February 21, 2015. Where: Tan Son Nhat Airport (Vietnam). You: Man. Me: Woman.#921027

NECTAR DANCING AFTER

WARREN G
We danced closer after the show.
Your friend with braces smiled.
I tried to be respectful, but some chump made aggressive moves. You bounced before I could Regulate Gimme another chance to Mount Up!? When: Tuesday, March 10. 2015. Where: Nectar Lounge nt. You: Woman. Me: Man #921026

PCC PARKING LOT TRUCK BEAUTY

We had a wonderfully distracting but too brief talk about the impending sale of your beloved 96 truck. Wanted to chat more but couldn't for obvious reasons. Up for coffee or drinks to talk about your couldness. to talk about your new Mazda and more? When: Saturday, March 21, 2015. Where: West Seattle PCC parking lot. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921024

YONDER KINGSPORT ARKANSAS GEORGIA CAROLINA

words mean anything If all those words mean anything, you√¢,Ç",Ñ¢II immediately know what l√¢,Ç",Ñ¢m talking about. I had a wonderful time hanging out with you! I hate that we didn√¢.C".Ñ¢t exchange contact info. I'd love to chat over coffee sometime. Get in touch? When: Friday, March 27, 2015. Where: ne Theatre. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921030

SINGING SANTERIA BUSH GARDEN KARAOKE!

Friday night 3/20. You are a beautiful dark haired girl, singing Santeria..Well what words you knew..My friend came to the rescue.. i was the bearded guy too scared to sing on the stage! wanted to ask you for the number. When: Friday, March 20, 2015. Where: Bush Garden Karaoke. You:

WIND BURIAL CD RELEASE

I was too busy cocktailing to attempt any conversation but you were easy on the eyes and I kept bumping into you because it was so packed. You: Tall, handsome, wearing a Canadian tuxedo. I think your name was Mark. When: Saturday, March 21, 2015. Where: Fremont. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921022

ELLIOTT BAY, MET OVER **PFTS** looking at cards. You asked if

you could pet my dog. Your smile gave me butterflies. My dog who rarely kisses anyone, kissed you. (I agreed with her taste) You should know how lovely are. When: Saturday. March 2015. Where: Elliott Bay okstore- Card section. You: Bookstore- Card section. You: Woman. Me: Woman. #921020

CHIVALRY IS NOT DEAD.

You, with your black hair, blue eyes & half gloves, helped me out of a tight spot in a parking garage today. You are beautiful, and proof that chivalry is not dead to the world. Thank When: Saturday, March 21. 2015. Where: 6th & Olive, park-ing garage, near Medical Dental ng. You: Man. Me: Woman.

TWEEDY SHOW HEART THROB!

You stood next to me all night. I was only joking when I told you to put your phone away. Obviously an excuse to talk to you. But you are WAY too fucking cute to leave it at that. When: Thursday, March 12, 2015. Where: Tweedy show @ ne. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921016

PIZZARILLA PULCINELLA RAINIER AV 3/14

You handed fallen magazine back, nearly fell for you myself. You-short white hair, glasses, so pretty, talking with friend; hard to look away as you with friend; hard to look away as you left. In this big city, hope you see this paragraph. I should have said some-thing. When: Saturday, March 14, 2015. Where: Pizzarilla Pulcinella, Rainier Av. You: Woman, Me: Man, #921014

AUSSIE IN BABELAND

You: gorgeous, tall Australian who came in looking for something to add a little excitement to your sex life. Me: short-haired saleswoman fumbling during my cockring demo because you made me nervous. Meet for coffee sometime? When: Monday, March 16, 2015. Where: Babeland in Capitol Hill. You: Man. Me: Woman, #921013

SALTORO CURVY GODDESS

was with a friend, you arrived with man about 7ish. You went to the estroom right away, tight dress, very curvy. I caught your eye. I'd love to meet you for drinks! I was wearing glasses, black sweater. When: Sunday, March 15, 2015. Where: Saltoro. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921012

WAITING ON #4 IN RAIN

waiting on the 4 near vita, you wanted to stay dry in the bus shelter, you: red pants, shoes, cute hair and cuter smile, me: denim jacket septum piercing, really wish I'd had the balls to ask your # When: Sunday, March 15. 2015. Where: 5th and valley. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921009

THANKS FOR THE COFFEE!!

You were in the white Lexus in front of me in the drive through. Thanks for the coffee you bought me before I ever got to the window! You made my day and the corree was delicious!! When: Friday, March 13, 2015. Where: Starbucks on 35th and Avalon in West Seattle. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921008

I NVF RNAT

LOVE BUAI

I was walking through the ferry with a
friend. Blonde wearing mostly black.
You were in a booth with two chicks.
Single? I peeked at you a couple
times as I was passing and you were
looking too. When: Sunday, March
15, 2015. Where: Ferry- Seattle
to Bailhridge You: Man Mar to Bainbridge. You: Man. Me: Woman. #921007

8/43 RIIS STOP MARCH 14

Between 10 and 10:30pm, west-bound 8/43 stop, 12th and John Me: neon-green Seahawks cap, glasses, brown fleece, jeans, black sneakers, high. You: gray coat, handsome, kind voice. We happen to share a name. I want to meet you for coffee. When: Saturday, March 14, 2015. Where: March 14 2015, 10pm. You: Man. Me: Man. #921005

CHIP SUEY DEAD MOON RISING

You picked me up in a bear hug and carried me off the floor. I hadn't realized you were a doorman. You listened and led me back to the spot at the front Strong + reasonable = sexy. Date? When: Sunday, March 15, 2015. Where: Chop Suey Dead Moon Concer. You: Man. Me: Woman #921004

4TH AND STEWART

Brunette with black hair wearing black skirt/dress with black leggings and flat shoes. We were walking alongside each other and then you turned into Ace Hardware. I was in gym clothes. I thought you were so beautiful. When Friday, March 13, 2015. Where

SAMREMIX GIRL WITH CUTE BOOTS

You were at the SAMRemix in line to get a drink. I was almost too shy to talk to you but found the courage to say your boots were super cute. Anyway, the rest of you is super cute, too. When: Friday, March 13. 2015. Where: Seattle Art You: Woman. Me: Man. #921002

LATE RAINY BUS TO RALLARD

We sat near each other. I had wet hair, green shirt, and blue vest (pretty disheveled.) Meanwhile you resembled the auburn-haired girl of my dreams. I wrote my number on a card, but your stop (65th) came and I panicked. When: Saturday, March 14, 2015. Where: D Line to Ballard. You: Woman. Me: Man. #921001

GOVT MULE MOORE THEATER

: ı talked ahnut law school sat next you, talked about law school and The Band. You are tall , smart, very attractive volunteer! asked for email your video of concert. I really wanted to ask you out for dinner, drinks-talk more with you When: Wednesday, March 18, 2015. Where: Moore theater. n. Me: Man. #921000

WALKING ALONGSIDE 4TH AND VIRGINIA

Onmyway back from gym. Walkedalongside eachother. You went into AceHardware. You're brunette with black skirt/dress with black with black skirt/dress with black leggings and flat shoes. Wanted to compliment your beauty, but didn't want to impose. This was yesterday. Hope you had a wonderful day. When: Thursday, March 12, 2015. Where: Sidewalk on 4th and Stewart You: Woman Meand Stewart. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920999

QUICK! ACT NATURAL!

I suppose this means I shouldn't make any sudden movements. D : D : D You: On all floors. Me: Surrounded. Next time we all get stuck in an elevator together I'll bring the wine coolers and fluvours. Coolers grains. When funyuns. Goodness gracious. When: Thursday, March 12, 2015. Where: Elevator @ work. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920998

"GIRLS" RIDE

"GIRLS" RIDE

I gave you a ride to your friend's place
to watch "Girls", I told you I wasn't a
big Lena Dunham fan, You are cute,
confident and fun. If your date doesn't
work out you know where to find me.
When: Wednesday, March 11,
2015 Where In the car You 2015. Where: In the car. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920997

D'ARRY'S SERVER RACHEL H Last week I thought your flirting was to increase your tip, but this week you weren't our server and you were still flirting. Let me know if you want to follow through. (Guy who comes in Wed.s with his son.) When: Wednesday, March 11, 2015. Where Olymnia You: Woman.

Where: Olympia. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920996

CUTE REDHEAD SMILED **GOODWILL SLU**

Goodwill SLU 03/11/15 We crossed paths on your way to fitting room -we both exchanged smiles and I got that hell-yes tingly-chemistry feel-ing. You: fair, tall, redhair, jeans, brownboots white sweater. Me-beard, vest, grey shirt, tall...fancy a coffee chat? When: Wednesday, March 11, 2015. Where: South Lake Union Goodwill. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920995

GTOWN STUNNER.

I saw you walking a small dog down Airport Way in Georgetown. You wore a batman t-shirt and black jeans. Your curly hair and smile nearly made merash. Love to buy you and your pup a drink. When: Saturday, March 7, 2015. Where: Georgetown. You: Woman Ma. 48,01903 Woman, Me: Man. #920993

ELLIOTT BAY BOOKSTORE CUTIE EMPLOYEE

Employee, male, mid-late 20's, brown short hair, slender build. I was pursuing through a book and we made contact. I bought a magazine and you were the guy who did the transaction. When: Saturday, March 7, 2015, Where: Ell You: Man. Me: 1an. #920991

CANTERBURY BEAUTY

You were the gorgeous dark haired server with beautiful eyes. I was seated in a booth with an attractive girl I met on lustlab. We were both wearing cool hats and the chef when: Thursday, March 5, 2015. Where: Canterbury. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920989

HIDDEN IN PLAIN VIEW

Pretty lady on the #49 @ 12:45! You were reading a green book wearing a low Mariners hat and also wearing Nike running shoes! You pulled out an orange water bottle from a Timbuktu bag! Will I see you again? When: Friday, March 6, 2015. Where: Mid section #49!. You: Woman. Me: Man. #920987

BEARDY BARISTA AT

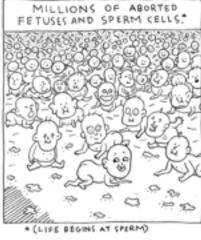
MADISON PARK
Garett, cutie pie, Cute Starbucks guy.
Service raising the bar. Got me that
extra star. Smiling sweet at 6am, I
said my name was Sam. A thing I'd like to know, Can I buy YOU a cup of joe? When: Monday, March 9, 2015. Where: Starbucks lison Park 6am. You: Man. Me: Man. #920985

COMIC | BY CALEB WALSH











FREE WILL ASTROLOGY

BY ROB BREZSNY

For the Week of April 1

ARIES (March 21-April 19): "Choconiverous" is an English slang word that's defined as having the tendency, when eating a chocolate Easter bunny, to bite the head off first. I recommend that you adopt this direct approach in everything you do in the coming weeks. Don't get bogged down with preliminaries. Don't get sidetracked by minor details, trivial get studiations of prining details, trivial distractions, or peripheral concerns. It's your duty to swoop straight into the center of the action. Be clear about what you want and unapologetic about getting it.

TAURUS (April 20-May 20): The American snack cake known as a Twinkie contains 68 percent air. Among its 37 other mostly worthless ingredients are sugar, water, cornstarch, the emulsifier poly sorbate 60, the filler sodium stearovl lactylate, and food coloring. You can't get a lot of nutritious value by eating it. Now let's consider the fruit known as the watermelon. It's 91 percent water and 6 percent sugar. And yet it also contains a good amount of vitamin C. lycopene, and ntioxidants, all of which are healthy for you. So if you are going to eat a whole lot of nothing, watermelon is a far better nothing than a Twinkie. Let that serve as an apt metaphor for you in the coming

GEMINI (May 21-June 20): You may be as close as you have ever gotten to finding the long-lost Holy Grail—or Captain Kidd's pirate treasure, for that matter, or Marie Antoinette's iewels, or Tinker Bell's magical fairy dust, or the smoking-gun evidence that Shakespeare's plays were written by Francis Bacon. At the very least, I suspect you are ever-so-near to your per sonal equivalent of those precious goods. Is there anything you can do to increase your chances of actually getting it? Here's one tip: Visualize in detail how acquiring the prize would inspire you to become even more generous and magnanimous than you already are.

CANCER (June 21-July 22): People are paying attention to you in new ways. That's what you wanted, right? You've been emanating subliminal signals that convey messages like "Gaze into my eternal eyes" and "Bask in the cozy glow of my crafty empathy." So now what? Here's one possibility: Go to the next level. Show the even-more-interesting beauty that you're hiding below the surface. You may not think you're ready to offer the gifts you have been "saving for later." But ou always think that. I dare you to reveal

re of your deep, secret power. LEO (July 23-Aug 22): Some people

believe unquestioningly in the truth and power of astrology. They imagine it's an exact science that can unfailingly discern character and predict the future. Other people believe all astrology is nonsense They think that everyone who uses it is deluded or stupid. I say that both of the groups are wrong. Both have a simplist uninformed perspective. The more correct view is that some astrology is nonsense and some is a potent psychological tool. Some of it's based on superstition and some is rooted in a robust mythopoetic understanding of archetypes. I encourage you to employ a similar appreciation for paradox as you evaluate a certain influence that is currently making a big splash in your life. In one sense, this influence is like snake oil, and you should be skeptical about it. But in another sense it's good medicine that can truly heal.

VIRGO (Aug 23–Sept 22): According to the biblical stories, Peter was Christ's closest disciple, but acted like a traitor when trouble came. After Christ was arrested, in the hours before the trial. Peter denied knowing his cherished teacher three different times. His fear trumped his love, leading him to violate his sacred commitment. Is there anything remotely comparable to that scenario developing in your own sphere, Virgo? If you recognize any tendencies in yourself to shrink from your devotion or violate your highest principles, I urge you to root them out. Be brave. Stay strong and true in your duty to a person or place or cause that you love

LIBRA (Sept 23-Oct 22): Marketing ex perts say consumers need persistent prod-ding before they will open their minds to possibilities that are outside their entrenched habits. The average person has to be exposed to a new product at least eight times before it fully registers in his or her awareness. Remember this rule of thumb as you seek attention and support for your brainstorms. Make use of the art of repetition. Not just any old boring, te-dious kind of repetition, though. You've got to be as sincere and fresh about presenting your goodies the eighth time as you were the first.

ter's song "I Get a Kick out of You," he testifies that he gets no kick from champagne. In fact, "Mere alcohol doesn't thrill me at all," he sings. The same is true about cocaine. "I'm sure that if I took even one sniff that would bore me ter-fifcally, too." Porter declares. With this rifically, too," Porter declares. With this as your nudge. Scorpio, and in accordance longer provide you with the pleasurable jolt they once did. Acknowledge the joys that have grown stale and the adventures wards have waned It's time for

you to go in search of a new array of procative fun and games

SAGITTARIUS (Nov 22-Dec 21): The English writer William Wordsworth (1770–1850) wrote hundreds of poems. Among his most famous was "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud," which is also known as "Daffodils." The poem sprang from him after a walk he took with his sister around Lake Ullswater in the English Lake District.
There they were delighted to find a long,
thick belt of daffodils growing close to the water. In his poem, Wordsworth praises the "ten thousand" flowers that ere "Continuous as the stars that shine And twinkle on the milky way." If you are ever going to have your own version of a daffodil explosion that inspires a burst of creativity, Sagittarius, it will come in the coming weeks

CAPRICORN (Dec 22-Jan 19): Your subconscious desires and your conscious desires seem to be at odds. What you say you want is not in precise alignment with you want is not in precise alignment with what your deep self wants. That's why I'm worried that "Don't! Stop!" might be close to morphing into "Don't stop!"—or vice versa. It's all pretty confusing. Who's in charge here? Your false self or your true self? Your wounded, conditioned, habitbound personality or your wise, eternal, ever-growing soul? I'd say it's a good time to retreat into your sanctuary and get back in touch with your primal purpose.

AQUARIUS (Jan 20-Feb 18): Sometimes you're cool, but other times you're hot. You veer from acting aloof and distracted to being friendly and attentive. You careen from bouts of laziness to bursts of disciplined efficiency. It seems that you're always either building bridges or burning them, and on occasion you are building and burning them at the same time. In short, Aquarius, you are a master of vacillation and a slippery lover of the in-between. When you're not completely off-target and out of touch, you've got a knack for wild-guessing the future and seeing through the false appearances that everyone else regards as the gospel truth. I, for one, am thoroughly entertained!

PISCES (Feb 19-March 20): How can you ripen the initiatives you have set in mo-tion in recent weeks? Of the good new trends you have launched, which can you now install as permanent enhancements in your daily rhythm? Is there anything ou might do to cash in on the quantum leaps that have occurred, maybe even figure out a way to make money from them? It's time for you to shift from being lyrically dreamy to fiercely practical You're ready to convert lucky breaks into enduring opportunities.

Homework: Before bed on the nights, remember everything that happened during the day. Do it with compassion and objectivity. Testify at FreeWill-

of the Stranger bulletin board

TURN THE PAGE FOR P()

Recreational, Medical, Delivery, etc.

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Volunteers will be compensated Call Robbie at 206-277-4872.

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